TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

"Have you heard that the devil is dead?" exclaimed an acquaintance of mine in response to an invitation to tell me something new. Odd, isn't it, how a senseless rejoinder of this sort sometimes rings in a fellow's ears and rattles around in the empty places of his mind. This saying clung to me all day and as I sit down to work in the evening it is the first thing that suggests itself as a text.

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What consternation was felt all over the civilized globe last Friday when currency was given to the rumor that the Barings' great banking house had failed! Everyone who did anything of a cosmopolitan business immediately began to examine his affairs as to the personal result such a financial crash would have. Similarly, how each individual would sit down and ponder if anything like an authentic rumor that the demise of the devil had taken place were to be telegraphed over the world! There is not a department of business which would be unaffected. It is really wonderful how much we rely on the devil. Of course the truth of this depends largely upon our acceptance of the definition of the province and pursuits of his Satanic Majesty given by those who are most accustomed to rail at his influence and to condemn such of their fellow-citizens as they suspect of wicked instincts. Taking therefore the orthodox definition of the devil, I imagine that news of his death and the cessation of his influence, would alarm more people than it would please.

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For instance, beginning at what we esteem the lower grade morality, the saloon keeper who has been so continuously told that his traffic is of the devil, he would feel like Othello, his occupation gone. No one hereafter would want a cocktail nor cakes and ale. Looking over the world with the narrowed vision which abuse of his calling has given him, he would wonder what "good" business he could go into. Thoroughly aware that there are tricks in every trade as well as his own, he would fear that the devil having ceased to be influential, millinery would cease to be worn and costly meats would no longer be eaten after the selfish impulse to gaudily array the person and to generously feed the stomach, while the poor and starving ones in the land had ceased to exist, consequently it would neither pay to run a dry goods store nor a butcher shop. As haste to become rich would cease with the dynasty of Old Clootie, people would have plenty of time to walk down town and street car service would be unnecessary. Indeed, self-sacrifice having become the fashion and meditation and prayer the main business of life, it would be evidently unprofitable and unnatural to do anything but sing hymns and do the occasional odd jobs necessary to provide the plainest clothing and simplest food. If it would so puzzle a man in a "satanic" business to select a "good" business, how would the philanthropic bankers and millionaire manufacturers regard their future? Nothing would remain but to give away their money and to take up their burden of self-denial and the unusual task of loving kindness with which usury and extortionate profits had heretofore interfered. No one would long desire to be a railway magnate if a war of rates was being waged with the idea of seeing who could do the most good by carrying people from one place to another. The newspapers, having ceased to publish the O'Shea divorce proceedings and the egotistical vaporings of convicted murderers, would discharge their scandal reporters and have no use for their fast presses, inasmuch as there would be nothing worth publishing except the Gospel. Politicians would give way to the preachers, and as there would be no crime the policemen would be out of a job, and the judges soliciting opportunities to saw wood. It is unnecessary to pursue this topic any further. A well authenticated rumor of the death of the devil, the much abused, greatly-dreaded devil, would precipitate the greatest crisis the world ever saw.

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One slips very easily from the above topic to the great loss Birchall will be to the daily newspapers hereabouts. Poor devil, he is gone, and even yet the press is full of him. Even his hangman has been glorified by publicity which is never given to the man or woman who throughout a life of self-denial and good works tries to rescue the fallen and reduce the woes of the wretched. I don't think the value of the devil to the daily newspapers was ever better proven than by the disgraceful exhibition the *Mail* has made of itself in publishing the autobiography of a young reprobate who, if he had anything in his nature of an interesting sort, it was the careless good-nature with which he asserted before all mankind that he cared for neither God nor man. This moral idiot, who squandered his patrimony, ruined those who trusted him, degraded those who associated with him, violated everything held sacred by gentlemen, took the life of a comrade who followed him, lied to the clergyman who prayed with him, and in every possible way tried to prove by his life and his writings that virtue is a delusion, religion a farce, and honor a snare, has been lionized by the newspapers more than any other man who ever died on Canadian soil. What he has written has brought a higher price than anything that before was produced in Canada. His photograph has appeared more numerously, sketches—which are evidently those of a libertine—of ballet girls who have nothing to recommend them but the shape of their legs, have been given as works of art, and this monster of perfidy has in this way been placed before every Canadian as a singularly gifted and courageous person. The *Mail*, with cant which is utterly loathsome, has pretended that its publication of Birchall's biography was intended to teach a moral lesson. Such cant, such leprous hypocrisy, it is to be hoped, sickened the public even while they read the degraded and degrading maunderings of the convicted murderer. The *Mail*, which is fighting for Protestantism, which is ready to carry a banner in the procession of prohibitionists, which was not unwilling, at a critical moment, to play traitor to the party which had nourished it, had but to reveal this last and most contemptible phase of its character to be thoroughly understood as a fake and the scarlet woman of journalism. It matters little to the majority of people what a newspaper advocates so long as it be thoroughly understood what the declared province of the paper is to be. Those who take and read the *Police Gazette* know what they are subscribing for, but a newspaper which pretends to be pure and lacks no opportunity of being prurient may mislead, must indeed degrade, those who want purity but are seduced into reading pruriency by false pretences.

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There are many other newspapers besides the *Mail* that deserve the harshest possible criticism for their conduct in this matter. The *Telegram*, for instance, which boasts of the enormous editions it sold descriptive of the hanging and last moments of Birchall, apologizes by saying that the newspapers only provide what the people want. The demi-monde exclaim in the same way and claim to be a necessary evil. Nobody associates with them who would not be ashamed to take them to their home and introduce them to mother or sister. Must not a newspaper which feels that it is unfit to be introduced into a family and put into the hands of innocence have much the same contempt for its calling as the woman of the street has for herself as she solicits the passer-by? It is a dreadful apology to offer and yet it is the one made by the *Globe* and the balance of those who have been in the same work and who fight with one another in draping with pretty verbal garments the unclean and demoralizing things they have published. How glad these newspapers must be that the devil isn't dead!

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Then the parsons, too! Of course it is perfectly proper that they should preach on current topics, but there is a tendency to sensationalism amongst them and we always expect Rev. Dr. Wild to have his say when anything is being said. Last Sunday night he and Rev. Dr. Stafford both preached from the text, "Thou shalt not kill," both aiming at the same conclusion, that capital punishment should be abolished, though they took different methods to prove the same thing. Both were apparently brought to this conclusion by the educated and interesting nature of the victim, the death of so many common murderers having been passed over unnoticed. As usual Dr. Wild's sermon was as much evolved from the encyclopædia as from the Bible. After pointing out that capital punishment was a relic of barbarism, a fragment of the old doctrine of revenge, he showed that besides murder there were at least eleven other kinds of crime that were punishable with death under the Mosaic dispensation: "First, 'striking a parent'; second, 'blasphemy'; third, 'sabbath breaking'; fourth, 'witchcraft'; fifth, 'adultery'; sixth, 'unchastity'; seventh, 'rape'; eighth, 'incestuousness'; ninth, 'man-slaying'; tenth, 'idolatry'; eleventh, 'false swearing,'" adding, "Now it is a remarkable thing that those who plead for capital punishment never bring these forward and argue that they should be enforced now; they bring forward that if a man kills another capital punishment should take place because it is written in the Book of Moses."

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Dr. Wild evidently is of opinion that the Mosaic law is not law to-day. I do not remember what his views on the observance of the Sabbath are, but I am glad he has pointed out to the modern Sabbatarian that if we are to follow out the Mosaic doctrine in this respect we must put to death those who disobey the Mosaic law, something which, by the way, it is impossible for us to observe in this age and under conditions such as we are surrounded by in this climate and country. Possibly he holds that the same modification of the law should be made in respect to Sabbath observance as to murder, that imprisonment for life would be sufficiently severe for those who light a fire on Sunday or journey beyond the specified number of miles. As a matter of fact capital punishment is not retained out of respect for Moses any more than is Sunday insisted upon as a day of rest, because the great Law-Giver made it a portion of his regulations. As a gentleman whom I regard as one of the brainiest members of the Methodist body either lay or clerical in this province, recently remarked to me, "Sunday should be kept not because Moses kept it, but because it is an economic necessity." I think we hang people for the same reason, not because Moses did it, but because we want to get rid of that sort of people. It is cheaper and safer, and altogether more reasonable, to put them to death than to imprison them for life. Of course, as Dr. Wild and Dr. Stafford point out, there is a possibility of converting them, but there are so many decent people now who don't need converting in that way, who are left without even prison fare and never have the ministration of a preacher volunteered to them, that I think we ought to take care of them first, and after we get so far advanced that we have no decent people dying in want of a mple prison provender, then we may take up the problem of making over the murderously bad ones. Until that time comes, if Drs. Wild and Stafford would devote a portion of their energies to caring for honest people who are foolish enough to permit their only crime to be poverty, and have failed to be enterprising enough to become murderers, the progress of civilization won't be stayed by the occasional necktie social which sends up to the Supreme Court of the Universe some human malformation in the shape of a murderer.

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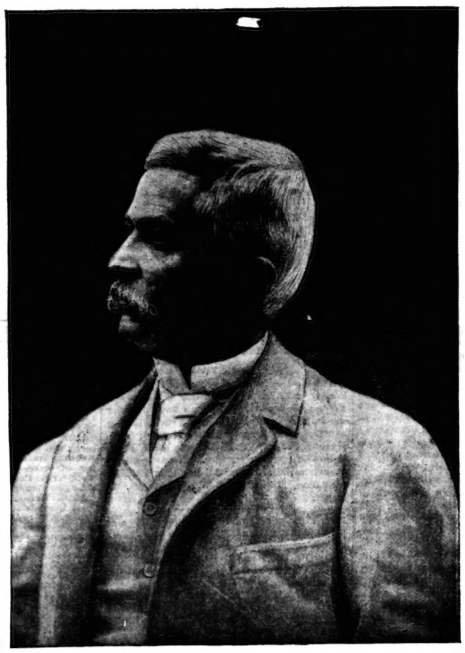
The great trouble with these preachers and many scientists is, they want to deal with freaks all the time, ignoring the great mass of uninteresting, but human atoms who live and die without so much as the gentle touch of a missionary's gloved hand. Why should we fret over the freaks? Why should the church especially make its doctrines apply to the exhibits in the dime museum of nature instead of the great, surging, sorrowing mass who come into the world and go out of it without any recognition but kicks and hunger? Why should we care for the lives of a few cowardly assassins from whom the world is never safe until the hangman has had them, while gentle women weep and babies cry because they have not been fed, and men gnash their teeth because, without having sinned against the law or been guilty of any greater crime than being born, they are undergoing a life sentence of humiliation and hunger in the dark cell of social oblivion? It seems to prove that human sin and suffering must be thrust into the eyes and the stench of human wrong-doing held under the nostrils of these leaders of religious thought before they can be made to recognize the existence of anyone but the well-dressed and well-fed parishioners who fill their pews. Death! Why should death frighten these parsons? Every day in this land of ours the sentence of death is being imposed upon some innocent child, over-worked mother, and unfortunate father. Death! Unmerited death! Death after an imprisonment for life, death after vain strivings to live, death after fruitless appeals to God and His people! Have not all seen it—perhaps helped to inflict it? Our clerical friends could not be silent a moment or rest for an instant from their labor if they felt half as badly about the death of a fellow-being as they would have us believe. Death! Why, this world is a carnival of death. Civilization! Why, it is but another name for the refinement of cruelty in the infliction of death. Death! Was it not the sentence imposed on mankind for the sin of our first father and mother, imposed upon us before we were born, a sentence which will be inflicted on mankind after we are dead? I can't see why it should so greatly horrify Brother Wild or unduly excite the eloquence of Brother Stafford.



Henry M. Stanley.

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No doubt if Parnell had lived under Mosaic law he would now be under the sentence of death. It gives me anything but pleasure to see the way the opponents of Home Rule gloat over the Parnell-O'Shea scandal. We have heard of the fierce light which beats upon a throne, but no light fiercer or more searching could have been turned upon any life than that which has sought out the dark spots in the career of Charles Stewart Parnell. In his abasement he seems to have no one whose friendly hand he can touch. Human society and individual character are so weak that while we dare sympathize with a murderer no one seems so secure from attack as to risk his or her reputation by condoning a social offence such as Parnell has been proven guilty of. People say, "Well, if I sympathize with Birchall or endeavor to minimize his offence no one will suspect me of being an unconvicted murderer, but if I have a word to say in favor of Parnell there will be plenty to remark, 'Well, I guess he is no better himself.'" In my estimation Parnell has either been an unscrupulous mischief-maker from the beginning or a patriot. I can't sympathize with Irish patriots in everything they do or say, but I can admire the man who, having laid out a career for himself and being animated by the idea of the righteousness of his cause, can do as Parnell has done. He seemed cold and self-contained, as if his blood were the temperature of ice, yet he fought, as far as the world can judge, with an eye and heart single to Ireland's advancement. That he may have made many mistakes and done many wrong things does not belong to the argument. It simply proves that as a politician he was human and, as every other patriot has been, not above the errors of his race. He has been loved by millions, he has been adored as a patriot by Irishmen the world over, and now by the turn of the wheel we see the dignified and icy statesman ignominiously dodging through Captain O'Shea's back window, his enemies hooting at him, his friends with faces averted. The punishment is terrible. Death or imprisonment for life does not enter into comparison with the torture which is being inflicted upon him.

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But are we just? With regard to social sinning we can never be expected to be generous. Had we any reason to esteem him perfect Does it give us any right to decry the cause of which he was the apostle because he has fallen short in his private life? Has it been our habit to measure the cause of any country or to weigh the worth of any man who seemed to us a patriot by the private sins which do so remorselessly find out the sinner? Has it been the habit in our own country to persistently hold up to the reprobation of mankind the private shortcomings of our public men? Has it been the habit in Great Britain to calculate private virtue when making an estimate of a public career? Have the great poets been denied the garland of fame because they could not display the white rose of a blameless life? Because we have loved have we not condoned the faults of sweet singers and eloquent speakers? Because we have loved have we not forgiven much both in public and private life, have we not remembered, when the enemies of our ideal men cried aloud, that from the heat and rancor of debate overpowered by the swirling worlds of thought, driven from their anchorage before the hatred and malice of their opponents, lulled into false security by the pæans of praise floating up from the ranks of their friends, men have made the strangest and most fatal alliances, have chosen the wrong party, wandered in the most fatal paths? David did it amid the songs which have come down to us after reverberating through the centuries—the virility of the man, the lust of the flesh and the pride of the eye, led him astray. After having walked with God and having his heart strings the lyre upon which divine fingers played, these poet kings of old proved themselves to be but men, and yet we demand an absolute fidelity to every virtue—virtue which would be often wrenched amidst the safest social surroundings, secured by the most wind-sheltered moorings—from those whose every hour is a temptation. We demand from leaders the virility of the "manliest" man, the strength of the warhorse, the unchangeableness of the savage, and cry out if it be not accompanied by the virtue of a pure woman.

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The axiom of the ancient Roman law, that none but those who can weigh the temptation can estimate the sin, applies thoroughly to the misdoings of Parnell. As conspicuous as the heir to the throne, he has perhaps not been less virtuous. As prominent as the Premier who has been stayed by those strong moral forces, the anchorage of a British nobleman, the battlements of a man who has a great family history in the past and a proud place in British history to preserve. Scarcely less prominent than Gladstone he has none of the moral forces and sacred surroundings to hold him steady which have preserved the leader of the Opposition from falling even while he has been traduced by his enemies. The place in British history occupied by Charles Stewart Parnell is that of a bandit king. He was upheld by a turbulent, one might almost call it a riotous, following, holding in check a policy which his enemies said was dynamite and blood and which his political allies frowned upon while they benefited by it. His was a lonesome figure in British politics and if there be one man above all others to whom my heart goes out, it is the lonely man who has his fight to make regardless of the counsels of others, regardless alike of the whispers of friends and the jeers of enemies. It is an unnatural life, a sadly-disappointing life, a life in which hope and despair alternate. Then when so tempest-tossed, so buffeted by that which stays and supports men who are no better, in causes which are no purer, a man makes a mistake, is guilty perchance of so great a sin, we must look at the temptations, we must esteem the fearful currents in which he was swimming, and remember that the gods have a place in the shaping of the world's ends and in the directing of men's lives.

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It may be said that we should not condone in a man in a public and perilous position, even if he has extraordinary temptations, and his feet

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER READY DECEMBER FIRST

are swept from under him by an almost irresistible under-tow, anything we would reprobate in another whose life and condition were not surrounded by similar circumstances. I do not specially care for Parnell or his cause, though I admit that both appeal to my imagination and my heart as every other unhappy cause and unfortunate leader appeals to them, but at the risk of being accused of special pleading I ask you to look at the difference between a man surrounded by his home ties with the influences which weave themselves into the life of the private citizen who desires to be good, and the life of the man who is smitten by the winds from every point of the compass, into whose face every furious wave dashes, whose life is but a transition between the gray dawn of a hope that is never brightened into full daybreak and a night which is never illumined by the placid moon of even hopeless peace. We all idealize in poetry and seek to express in rhyming phrase the combat of forces, but we do not esteem the torturing quality of the cyclones which break about the shivering figure of the man who dares to stand alone. It is so seldom that a man dares to lead in strange and unlighted paths, the failing is so great to the soul which separates itself from its kind, that surely it is not sinful or indicative of wanton ways if we reach out and clasp the cold hand of the homeless passer-by and hurl at the persecuting or thoughtlessly vindictive crowd the cry which once came from the lips of the Divine Master as He sheltered the shivering woman taken in the same sin: "He who is without sin cast the first stone."

According to the Honorable Sam Blake newspaper publishers require their reporters to be peeping Tommies, liars and blowhards. I like to see a man who isn't afraid of the newspapers, who isn't eternally fawning on them, but Sam Blake is overworking the idea and is endeavoring by being abusive to be thought brave. He is a clever lawyer and perhaps the greatest egotist at the Canadian bar. The whole trouble with Samuel is that he is violently enamoured of himself. The Honorable Sam would quit this kind of talk if from this time forward the reporters never had any more to say when he appears in public than, "Samuel Blake then spoke." The reading public would lose mighty little, much space would be saved, and Sam Blake would learn how much he owes to reporters.

When the Citizens' Association were endeavoring to point out to the aldermen that the Don agreement with the C.P.R. was a fool's document as far as the city's interests were involved, they showed conclusively that before it was ratified the railroad should be compelled to agree to erect at its own expense a high level bridge at the foot of Queen street. But no, the Mayor and the balance of those who were more anxious to serve the railway than the city, agreed to leave it open, and now delegations are going to Ottawa as usual to look after it and are being used like a lot of school boys. They have to beg for things that are as clearly within our rights as the air we breathe, and then are forced to come home having obtained nothing but an adjournment. The railroad companies and the railroad committee of the Privy Council are between them successfully making fun of this city and those who represent it.

A Stockton, California, clergyman astounded and horrified his congregation by publicly confessing his sins and implicating others whose names he used with the charming abandon of a man who thinks he is doing right. The tales he told were such as to make people almost faint, and now it is being alleged that he is crazy. I believe that the scriptures teach the propriety of public confession, but certainly it is not ordinarily practised. This pastor's conduct, however, has amply proved the old saying that if we want to create a sensation all we have to do is to take any admitted truth and live up to it.

The discussion with regard to Stanley's conduct of the expedition in search of Emin Bey has re-aroused the interest taken in this noted man, and I am to see that a more recent likeness than the one previously given is to appear on the first page. His appearance at the opening of the Auditorium in this city next Thursday night will doubtless be an event so attractive to Torontonians that every one of the two thousand seats will be filled even at the prices charged, as the rush at Nordheimer's to secure seats is second only to that caused by the appearance of Patti. I am not prepared to depreciate the hero-worship indicated by this anxiety to see a great man. There would be no incentive to effort, no prize to spur us on to achievement if the people did not applaud the man who has won fame for himself and accomplished great things for the world. We like to see how great men carry themselves, how they speak, how they look, and it is doubtless useful, as it gives us a standard, though not always a reliable one, by which to measure those who have set up a claim to prominence.

DON.

Send in your orders for the Christmas Number of SATURDAY NIGHT, the finest holiday souvenir ever issued in Canada. Ready on December 1. For sale by all the newsdealers or sent postage paid by the publishers. price 50 cents.

Social and Personal.

I predicted last week that the dance at the Fort on Wednesday would be exceptionally pleasant. I knew it was so in anticipation and the facts bear me out. "It was," said a pretty girl who danced untiringly, "the nicest dance I have been to for a long time." Col. and Mrs. Otter received the guests, among whom were: Miss Campbell, Mrs. Bankes, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, the Misses Yarker, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Miss Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, the Misses Seymour, Miss McArthur, the Misses Beatty, Miss Beaumont, Miss Smith, Miss Mackey, Mr. Harvey Smith, the Misses Dixmer Dixon, Mr. Dawson, Miss Caron of Ottawa, Capt. Sears, Mr. Laurie, Mr. Evans, Major Harrison, Capt. Elliott, Miss Hodgins, Mr. Hodgins, Mr. and Miss Cockburn, Mr. Tait, Capt. and Mrs. McDougall, Mr. Mayne Campbell, Mr. Morton, Mr. Fred Langmuir, Mr. Tilley, Mr. Wilkie, Mr. Torrance, Miss Wilkie, Miss Benson of Port Hope, Mrs. Heinsman and Mr. C. Beatty.

Last Monday night a gay throng assembled at the handsome home of Mrs. Cameron on Carlton street. The occasion was a large german. There was dancing without a set programme until supper, and then the german began. It was led by Mrs. Eber Ward and Mr. Alfred Cameron, and among others the following ladies and gentlemen participated: Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Misses Seymour, Misses Yarker, Miss Dawson, Misses Homer Dixon, Miss Bunting, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Miss Walker, Mrs. A. Cameron, Mr. Laurie, Mr. Cronyn, Mr. Ward of Port Hope, Miss Small and Mr. Sidney Small.

Mrs. Cameron's gown was an elegant one of white and gold brocade. Mrs. Ward wore blue and gold brocade, with exquisite trimmings of jeweled passementerie; Mrs. Torrance, white silk, the train draped with white lace and petticoat of pearl embroidery; Mrs. Bankes, pale blue satin with black spotted net; the Misses Homer Dixon, white satin and white moire; Miss Bunting, white, with silver; Miss Seymour, yellow tulle with yellow flowers; Miss Sybil Seymour, green tulle; Miss Small, white crepe de chine and silver; Miss Wilkie, white and yellow tulle, with yellow marguerites; Mrs. Kerr, white and blue brocade; Mrs. Melfort Boulton, cream colored silk.

The following guests were at the dinner party given by Sir David and Lady Macpherson on Thursday: Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Col. and Mrs Otter, Dr. and Mrs. Sprague, Mr. and Mrs. Barlow Cumberland, Mrs. Macmahon, Mr. and Mrs. Ridout, Mrs. Beckett, Mr. Gamble, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Howland, Mr. and Mrs. Yarker.

Mrs. Albert Nordheimer is expected home next week, after a four months' stay abroad.

Mrs. F. C. Denison of Brockton entertained a number of friends at tea on Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Bunting of Queen's Park entertains her friends at afternoon tea to day.

Mrs. Cosby welcomes her friends to afternoon tea to day.

Mrs. Henry Cawthra gives an At Home on Tuesday next.

Mrs. R. S. Neville of Ontario street welcomed about seventy-five lady friends to afternoon tea on Wednesday. She was assisted by Mrs. Alley and Miss Leah Gibbs. Among those present were noticed: Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Aylesworth, Mrs. and Miss Gurney, Mrs. W. H. B. Aikins, Mrs. Wellington, Mrs. Blackstock, Mrs. McKinnon, Mrs. T. P. Galt, Mrs. and Miss Wilkes, Mrs. C. H. and Miss Goodeham, Mrs. Percy Beatty, Mrs. Pearson, Mrs Cox and Mrs. James Gooderham.

Miss Carson, who has been the guest of Mrs. Hector Cameron, returned to her home on Thursday last.

It was erroneously stated last week that Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Merritt had reached home. They sailed per Majestic on November 12, and will return to Toronto either this week or next.

The dance given by Mrs. W. H. Beatty at Harry Webb's on Thursday evening last was a very great success. The floor was perfect, as was also the music, and the floral decorations were particularly fine. Mrs. Beatty wore a hand-some yellow brocade, *en traine*, and diamonds; Miss Beatty, white tulle, with a side panel of white roses veiled with tulle, silk bodice with trimmings of roses and wreath of roses in the hair; Miss Maud Beatty, pink tulle gown, with wreaths of pink roses and roses on the waist and in the hair; Miss Beaumont, heliotrope bengaline and crepe with wreath of purple violets; the Misses Todd, cream silk and gold embroidery; Miss Helen Kew, terra-cotta silk with garniture of roses; Mrs. Langmuir, black silk velvet, point lace and diamonds; Miss Langmuir, white silk and tulle; Mrs. A. Langmuir, black lace and pearls; Miss Dawson, scarlet tulle and silk; Mrs. Goderham, blue silk and gold embroidery; Mrs. McCulloch, grey net and pink brocade; Mrs. O'Reilley, white silk and forget-me-nots; Mrs. James Crowther, white and gold brocade, pearl ornaments and trimming; Miss Fanny Smith, pink tulle and roses; Miss Thorburn, green tulle with garniture of nasgnonette and grasses; Mrs. Wilson, black satin duchesse and white feathers; Miss Brough, white surah silk and net; Mrs. J. Fraser, silver brocade, *en traine*; Mrs. James Scott, white gros grain *en traine*, and lace, white feather ornaments; Mrs. Olden Jones, white satin and gold embroidery; Miss Lockhart, black net and gold; Miss Gertrude Lockhart, sea green tulle and ribbons; Mrs. Walter Barwick, black velvet, *en traine* and diamonds; Miss Bethune, blue silk and tulle; Miss Hodgins, yellow silk and gold embroidery; Miss Macdonald, pale blue and white; Mrs. Ellen Howard, blue brocade and diamonds; Mrs. J. K. Kerr, white and green; Mrs. Cecil Lee, white brocade, tulle and snowdrops, pearl ornaments; Mrs. George Torrance, red crepe and feathers, with pearl necklace.

Mrs. E. Gurney of Gerrard street welcomed a large number of friends to an At Home on Friday evening of last week. It was given in honor of Miss Gurney, who has returned to Toronto after a three years' musical study in Boston. The commodious house was arranged with careful nicety for the guests' comfort. The verandahs were enclosed and a supper room built as an extension of the drawing room. The floral decorations were effective, the prevailing flower in he drawing room being the chrysanthemum, while carnations embellished the other rooms, all being further ornamented by palms and fern.

It was with great regret that his numerous friends heard of the very sudden death of Mr. John McArthur, on Friday last, at his residence on Bloor street. The funeral took place on Monday, Rev. D. J. Macdonnell officiating, assisted by Rev. R. Wallace. The pall-bearers were Hon. J. B. Robinson, Messrs. H. H. Cook, John Kay, John Catto, A. M. Cosby, John McBain, Neil Gordon, Joseph F. Eby.

The second of the series of "National Evenings" will take place on Monday, November 24, at the Club House. J. George Bourinot, C.M.G., D.C.L., Clerk of the House of Commons of Canada, will read a paper upon Responsible Government in Canada.

An attractive booklet announces a series of readings from Shakespeare, Dickens and Tennyson and popular science lectures by Principal MacIntyre and Rev. John Stenhouse of the Presbyterian Ladies' College.

On November 6 a very enjoyable evening was spent at the residence of Mr. John Douglas, Bloor street west, when about sixty guests witnessed the marriage ceremony, by Rev. J. McD. Kerr of Mr W. Alvin Dean and Miss Edith J. Yeo. The bride was tastefully arrayed in cream Henrietta with silk front, upon which a spray of orange blossom rested with pleasing effect. Miss Annie Kirkoride acted as bridesmaid. Mr. R. W. Parkinson was groomsman. After congratulations and supper the happy couple left by midnight train for a northern tour. The bride was the recipient of numerous and beautiful gifts.

On Thursday evening of last week the residence of Mr. William McGill, Gorevale avenue, was the scene of a quiet but pretty wedding, the contracting parties being Mr. Adam Gourlay and Miss Lottie McGill, the host's only daughter, who were attended by Mr. Richard Gourlay and Miss Essie Richardson. The ceremony was performed by Rev. T. W. Jeffery. The young couple left later for a trip through the Eastern States, followed by the good wishes of all.

On Tuesday evening of this week a most delightful impromptu dance was given at the residence of Mrs. Thomson of Jarvis street. The spacious drawing-room was the scene of a merry throng when the music for dancing commenced, and it was not until the small hours that the young people bade adieu and then it was said in a most reluctant manner, all having enjoyed themselves to their heart's content. Mrs. Thomson, the kind hostess, and the Misses Thomson received the guests in a most pleasing manner. There were about twenty-five young people present, of whom the following is a partial list: Miss M. Master, Mr. Ross, Miss Douglas, Mr. Cowan, Miss Mason of Barrie, Mr. Leask, Mr. McMullen, the Misses Brown, Mr. Peuchen, Mr. Mason, Messrs. Grant.

Miss Katie Ryan of Grosvenor-street, who has been visiting Miss Mamie Walls of Chicago, returned home last week.

Albert E. Parfitt of Brooklyn, N.Y., is visiting his old friends at 214 Wellesley street. A. F. Chapman Deacon, R.N., recently of H.M.S. Swiftsure, is also spending a couple of months' leave with his mother and sisters at the same address.

A musical soiree will be given at down town reception rooms by Dr. John B. Hall and Mrs. Hall this (Saturday) evening. The programme prepared is an exceedingly good one. The proceeds will be in aid of the Homœpathic Hospital.

At a meeting held at the rooms of the Ontario Society of Artists Wednesday afternoon a French conversation club was formed under the name of Cercle Parisien with the following as officers: President, Arthur Harvey; Vice-president, J. E Thompson; secretary, F. E. Galbraith; treasurer, Mrs. Alfred Denison; committee, Mrs. McDonald, Mrs. Carveth, Miss McMahon, Miss Laing, J. W.L. Forster, G. W. Moyer.

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Out of Town.

HAMILTON.

The residence of Mrs. J. E. Parker presented a gay appearance on Friday last, the occasion being a large dance given in honor of her daughter, Mrs. Morris, whose wedding was chronicled not long ago. The house was made beautiful with palms, and flowers were seen in the different rooms. The bride, Mrs. Morris, assisted Mrs. Parker in receiving the guests, who numbered about two hundred. Mrs. Parker was attired in a handsome gown of sea-a blue silk *en traine* with passementerie trimming. Mrs. Morris wore her wedding gown of white faille with exquisite duchesse lace covering the skirt and bodice; bouquet of white roses and maiden hair fern. Many of the gowns worn were exceedingly "chic" and handsome. Mrs. J. J. Stuart wore an exceedingly pretty gown of grey silk with cream guipure lace and a beautiful boa of vulture feathers; Mrs. Frank Maclean wore a beautiful gown of white brocaded satin and white crepe with feathers, with velvet bandeau and a feather in her hair; Mrs. William Hendrie wore a handsome gown of green brocade with black fringe and feather hair ornament; Mrs. John White, white satin and tulle; Mrs. Wanzer, cadet blue set hand oriental passementerie rimming; Mrs. Fred. Walker, white satin with cream tulle; Mrs. William Ramsay, white crepe de chine; Mrs. Bristol, yellow silk; Mrs. Robert Seale, heliotrope silk covered with violets and a wreath in her hair; Mrs. Mackay, white with black velvet; Mrs. James, white, grey and gold brocade; Miss Ricketts looked exceedingly well in black net; Mrs. Tidswell wore her wedding gown; Mrs. MacLaren, black lace; Mrs. Skinner, a very pretty gown of white brocade and faille with a pretty gold tiara in her hair; Miss Ricketts, pale blue silk *en traine* with pink roses; Miss Briggs, pale pink silk with pink wreath in her hair; Miss Dupont, a handsome gown of yellow crepe de chine with pearl beads in her hair; Miss Dewar, black and gold gauze; Miss L. Dewar, white gauze with blue moire; Miss Finlay, white; Miss Bruce, old rose gown with cream lace; Miss Harvey, cream lace; Miss Watson, pale blue; Miss Howard, white, with apple blossoms; Miss Danlop, an Empire gown, with ostrich feathers; Miss Garthshore, white net and swan's down; Miss Leggat, white crepe de chine, with white bird in her hair; Miss A. Hendrie wore her bridesmaid gown, with real lace on skirt and bodice, and white ribbon in her hair; Miss Williams, white silk; Miss Ridley, pale pink silk; Miss Kemp, white and pink silk; Miss Walker, yellow faille and sprays; Miss Lottridge, amethyst velvet and cream gauze; Miss Faulkner, black and red net; Miss Tremaine of Buffalo, white silk and tulle; Miss Fuller wore one of the loveliest gowns, being of green satin brocaded, with pink roses and gold braid shoes to match. The male sex were well repres nted by Messrs. Harvey, Morris, Gansby, Ricketts, Dewar, Barnes, Carr, Gates, H Gates, Dumoulin of Woodstock, Faithful, MacGiverin, Baldwin of Toronto, Gillespie, Duncan, Ramsay, Tidswell, Armour, Patterson, Leggat, Garthshore, Hendrie, Park, Walker, Bunting of Toronto, Pottinger, Martin, Labatt, Saunders, Billet, Logie, Gillies, Garrett, Southam, Moore, Thomson, Montgambert, Stuart, Hobson and a great many others. Grossman's charming orchestra discoursed sweet strains and dancing was much indulged in.

Mrs. Curran and Miss Mary Curran have arrived home from England after a visit of two years in that country.

Miss Evelyn Dewar has returned home from New York for the winter, having been away in that city for nearly two years.

Mr. Will Bunting of Toronto was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Stinson over Sunday.

Miss Wood gave a small afternoon tea on Friday at Elmwood.

Mrs. J. James Mills will entertain a large party of young people on Thursday evening.

Miss Loftridge arranged a theatre party to Toronto last week to see the performance of Sea King. It was given in honor of Miss Tremayne of Buffalo. They enjoyed their trip exceedingly.

Miss Jessie MacInnes has returned to Dundurn Park after her trip to England.

The committee that were so energetic regarding a fancy dress ball had to give the idea up on account of there not being enough enthusiasts. However, the Commercial Travellers' ball to be given in December in the Armory promises to be a grand success.

Poppenberg's famous orchestra of Buffalo is very likely to be engaged; if so, enough said.

Mr. Dyce Saunders of Toronto spent a few days in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis moved to Toronto this week, where they will reside in future.

Mrs. MacKelcan will sing in Toronto at Osgoode Hall Literary Society Friday evening.

On Thursday evening Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Rousseaux will give a large ball at their new residence on James street.

Miss Hendrie, Miss Leggat, Miss Garthshore and their brother left Wednesday for Toronto to attend the dance of their cousin, Miss Muir, who has just returned from school in Paris. Over six hundred invitations are issued.

Rev. Father Geoghan has purchased the beautiful residence of Mr. Springer, in the east end of the city, for his Home for Incurables. This gentleman's kind and charitable acts are being administered all through the city and much appreciated.

Much regret was expressed by everyone when the sad news was cabled here of the death of Mr. Donald MacInnes, jr., who died in Nottingham, England. Mr. MacInnes left here in September, and a few days ago was stricken with that dreadful disease, pneumonia, which resulted in his sad death. The greatest sympathy is expressed for his mother and sisters, who are prostrated with grief.

Miss Nora Clench will play here very soon, prior to her departure for Buffalo, where she intends to remain in future.

Mr. and Mrs. David Baldwin of Toronto are in town at present.

Miss Curtis of Brantford has been the guest of Miss Domville of King street east.

Miss Hobson was in Toronto last week, the guest of Mrs. James Scott. SYLVIA.

OTTAWA.

Quite a number of weddings have taken place in the Capital recently, among them being that of Miss Geraldine Hodder Stewart, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Cunningham Stewart, who was married to Mr. William Hall Hogg, accountant in the Bank of Montreal at Calgary. The ceremony took place in Christ Church Cathedral, Lindsaeon Lauder, assisted by the Rev. W. J. Muckleston, tying the nuptial knot. The affair was strictly private, only most intimate friends being present. Miss Schreiber and Miss Stewart, sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaids and Mr. Carmichael of Toronto and Mr. Hogg, a brother of the groom, as groomsmen. Immediately after the ceremony the happy couple left for the States on a wedding tour. There were a number of elegant presents received.

Another pleasing wedding of the week was that of Dr. Armstrong and Miss Ida Gertrude Spittal, daughter of Mr. Robert Spittal, of Gloucester street. The ceremony took place at the house and was performed by the Rev. Dr. Moore. Miss C. Y. Allan acted as bridesmaid and Dr. Bower as best man. After the ceremony the guests were regaled at an elaborate wedding breakfast. The bride received a number of presents, among them being a gold watch from the groom and a cheque for a considerable amount from an uncle.

Mr. Thomas A. Code, Mayor of Perth, and Miss Leslie, daughter of Mr. John Leslie, of this city, were also joined in wedlock this week. The ceremony took place at the bride's residence and was performed by Rev. F. W. Farries. The little Misses Irene Leslie and May Souter acted as bridesmaids and Mr. R. G. Code as best man. Only immediate friends were present. Mr. and Mrs. Code afterwards left for Boston on their honeymoon trip. Among the presents was a magnificent clock from the townsmen of Perth.

Mr. Alex. Robillard, M.P.P., was married at Clarence Creek, a short distance from the city, to Miss Caron, sister of the Rev. Father Caron, who officiated at the ceremony. The newly wedded pair were only absent from their home a couple of days and on their return a grand housewarming took place.

The following ladies have kindly consented to act as chaperones at a dance to be given by the members of the Ottawa Rowing Club in the Athlete club rooms on Thursday evening next: Lady Macdonald, Mrs. A. P. Sherwood, Lady Grant, Mrs. Sydney Smith, Mrs. C. H. Tupper, Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber and Mrs. R. J. Devlin. The gymnasium will be tastefully decorated for the occasion and the whole upper part of the club thrown open for the evening.

Major Todd and the officers of the Governor-General's Footguards have presented each of the ladies who so creditably represented the regiment at the recent Army and Navy exhibition with a large and handsome group photo of the ladies of the corps taken in uniform. The group contains fifteen figures.

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Boudoir Gossip.

Were you ever a little girl on a farm? It is far more fun than being a small boy under similar circumstances, for then you are not expected to carry water or go for the cows. A little maiden's ideas are prone to develop into queer actions and lead to bitter thoughts when she sees the animal life which she cherishes so ruthlessly sacrificed. Did you ever find a half-dozen of brand new kittens cuddled together in a hay-lined manger, with the proudest of purring cats presiding over the establishment? Did you fondle them tenderly and talk gleefully of the good times you would have with seven cats, when they grew up? And did you—oh, did you—go back next day and find one poor mewing little kitten and a perplexed tibbey cat? You wondered where the rest were, and the "hired man" said with a leer that he "guessed they'd gone to the happy huntin' grounds for drowned cats." Then you cried and thought it was mean to kill the dear little things, and you wouldn't go near the creek below the barn, in case you might chance to see a poor draggled little dead kitten.

Then there were fluffy yellow-black chicks that grew to know you and would peck crumbs from your hand, and fly across the yard to you when they grew big. One day you missed them. Feathers were scattered about the coop and there was chicken stew for tea.

The pigeons were such pretty things. You liked to watch them sail up above their homes and fly over the meadows and the grain fields and you never cared for pot-pie when rifle shots sounded about the barn.

Then there were lambs, frisky little heavy-tailed ones which you loved to watch when they were small. A mile of rough road was nothing for you to walk when sheep-washing time came. You felt sorry they were so frightened, but you liked to see them all white and clean. Sheep-shearing was somewhat dreadful, for they bleated so when they were caught, and looked so ashamed of themselves without their fleece, but when you heard a whispered "better kill a lamb," you stayed away from the barn for a day or two and played around the front door. Didn't you?

*

Jacob is here again. I fancy "he" had not yet seen my allusion to the Maiden in Brown's query regarding "him."

MY FRIEND CLIP CAREW.—In the words of my brother whom I mentioned in my last letter, "I am sorry I said anything," when I learn that there is no adoring husband in your case. The picture of the "old maid's paradise" appears to my mental vision, ravishing. I imagine a maiden, sitting demurely at a round table, pouring the invigorating beverage—I'm a lover of good tea—Oolong, please—into pink cups and blue cups—I'll take a blue cup, one of the most antiquated—and I in fancy inhale the aroma, delicate and refreshing, permeating the atmosphere around that "little black teapot."

If I were to call with introductory letters and a friend, would you receive me kindly? While drinking tea we might talk about the McKinley Bill, I'm a Republican, staunch and true. Pray, my little maiden, what are you? You see, sometimes I fancy you are young. If you should happen to be Democratic we might become too argumentative. In that case tranquillity would be fully restored by contemplating the etching of the pretty, playful, peaceful pussies.

I will send my photo. If you are pleased with my appearance, I will call some day and speak on behalf of American interests, Canadian annexation and your friend JACOB.

P. S.—I'm much older than my photograph.

You shall have the tea, Jacob, in a blue cup—mine are all blue—and it is sure to be Oolong.

*

My very dear friend Comica left me on the doorstep of this office some six weeks ago with tears in my eyes and a distressing, unswallowable lump in my throat. This morning's mail brought me a foreign-stamped letter filled with uncomplimentary allusions to the ocean's method of moving. It is dated in the English Channel and opens quite characteristically with: "Ugh, what an experience I have had! That soul-distressing, body-racking abomination, seasickness, doomed me for nine long days, and in fact every day of the trip. I have felt sensations *mal-de-merish* and maddening. Preserve me from another twelve-day journey on the bounding billow! I shall return by the shortest route afloat, or if there is any possibility of a tunnel-passage—I'll wait for that. Hold on, thou rough and measly ocean, hold! has been the cry of my heart all these weary days and sleepless nights."

Comica promised to tell me the truth about that ocean voyage, to bring me a bit of stone from a certain palace, and to write me letters of description galore. She has begun remarkably well.

*

Here are some fashion notes culled from authorities abroad:

The newest stockings have a triple thickness over the instep, and are particularly welcomed by those who wear laced boots or shoes, for the friction of the laces wears that portion thin and it is, alas! very visible.

Some pretty novelties in ornaments are in the form of small grapes, green and brown, mounted in gold. The fruit is formed of sardonyx colored by fire and is a splendid imitation of the luscious grapes. They are made into bangles, brooches and ear rings, which some women will still wear. I wonder why?

A pretty way to mount photographic views or flowers gathered on summer vacations is in the form of a panel. The foundation should be of delicately-tinted card-board, gray, pink-hued or blue, and the views or flowers are fastened in little slits made in the paper. A long strip may extend from the moulding to the height of one's eye, and form a very pretty gazing-spot as well as a delightful reminder of days spent in care-free happiness, in camp, or more dignified journeys by land or sea.

Plain skirts with flounces or frills are in our midst—rebels to the cause of artistic prettiness and healthful lightness. They do not come above either. They bring an array of undesirable followers—draped skirts, frilled basques, gathered polonaises and other material—devouring modes and manners of dress fashioning.

A pretty winter substitute for muslin curtain is Bolton sheeting, a cotton material resembling serge, but prettily toned and covered with fantastical designs in a lighter shade of the ground color. Covers for the bed are made of this with a frill which reaches to the floor, and it is also used for cushions, chair-coverings, mantle-shelf drapery and scarves of all kinds.

*

The other day I watched a pretty girl sit down in a drawing room. She bungled the action frightfully. Diving towards a chair, she stood exactly before it, and plump down, spreading out her knees and tilting her feet until the only portions of her shoes touching the floor were the outside edges of the soles. There is just one way to seat oneself gracefully and here is the recipe: "When you are about to take a seat, you allow the right foot to step back, carrying with it the weight of the body. The left foot bears the weight for one instant, while the figure first bends in the act of moving toward the chair. Then insensibly the weight sways to the right foot, when as the seat is taken finally slides under the chair a trifle. The right knee in this attitude is sharply bent close to the chair. The left knee on the other hand remains about straight, the tip of the left foot protruding from underneath the skirt as it is slightly extended."

Try it and believe me you will practice the formula until it is comprehended and adopted as your second nature. CLIP CAREW.

Trinity Talk.

Owing to a recent illness Mr. Clive Pringle was unable to represent the Trinity undergrads. at the McGill dinner, which was held on Thursday last. Mr. Carter-Troop, who took Mr. Pringle's place, made a capital after-dinner speech, and speaks highly of the hospitable manner in which the McGill men treated, not only himself, but all the representatives of the different universities. He returned from Montreal this morning.

*

Rev. H. O. Tremayne visited his *alma mater* on Tuesday last.

*

The Trinity Glee Club took part in a concert given in St. James' schoolhouse, on Thursday evening, in aid of the library fund. The following glees were given: The Parting Kiss, Good-night and The Song of the Triton.

*

The freshmen At Home, cards for which were received by all the seniors, was held in the common-room on Tuesday evening immediately after Dr. Bourinot's lecture. Though the edibles were good and the drinkables good, though rather scarce, the affair was not attended with the "go" which characterizes such feasts. However, the freshmen's songs, though old, among which were such classic airs as Annie Rooney, I Can't Make it Out, Can You, were rather successfully sung. For the seniors Mr. Howden and Mr. Troop were both in the best of form and were loudly encored after their respective renderings of I Shall Have 'Em and Maggie May. Among the outside invited guests were Mr. George Powell, who very kindly acted as accompanist for the evening, Messrs. Darcy Martin, McMahon, Grayson Smith, Hamilton and a few others. At a late hour after the singing of Auld Lang Syne the supper broke up. CECUS.

Confession of a Glove Dealer.

"There, you see, is a table on which are some periodicals," said a glove dealer. "That is for gentlemen who come in here with ladies who want to buy gloves. Before I put that table in the gentlemen came to the counter with the lady and the lady ordered her gloves. The next day they came back with the information that they were too small. I soon found that women do not like to tell to their escorts the size of the glove they wear. So I put in this table and have the latest periodicals on hand. When the lady come in with her escort I manage to get the escort over to this table, where he becomes interested. She makes her purchase and the gloves do not come back. A trick of the trade, and a small one, I grant you. The world doesn't know how much trickery there is in trade."—*N. Y. Mercury.*

*

The cutaway suit may almost be called the suit universal, for it is suitable to a greater variety of occasions and is more affected by all sorts and conditions of people than any other. Its convenience and comfort render it popular for business, its neatness adapts it for most social occasions, and it reaches from one end of the scale almost to the other. It is now the suit for formal dress by day. It should be worn at weddings, receptions, dinners and other formal occasions by daylight, and may be worn on any occasion but those in the evening. It may be summarized as the formal afternoon suit and the informal evening suit, for ordinary social calls, for church, for the street, for all these occasions the cutaway suit is entirely proper, though it does not by any means exclude the Prince Albert or the dress suit as regards material. It must always be borne in mind that with this suit material is of much importance; that coarse materials and bone buttons are never in place in the evening, and that the cutaway when worn socially, so to speak, must be dark and fine as to coat, while the trousers may be either dark, which is always good form, or lightish. Such are the materials and styles now being used and made up by the fashionable west end tailor, Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House block, Toronto.

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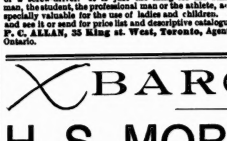

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This name has been given, most appropriately, to a new finish in Rich Cut Glass, which adds to its usual brilliancy a warmth and softness of tone that will be found very attractive, especially to those who sometimes tire of the cold glitter of the cut glass in ordinary use. A choice selection of the above in

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TRUE AND TRIED.

There was intense excitement in Burgage when it was known that Tom Cavendish, late of her Majesty's Life Guards, was about to give up his wander ng life and settle down at home. His old mother shed tears of joy when she read the news, but the one darling son of hers had always been as the very apple of her eye—as boy and man, she thought there had never been such another. He was extravagant—people called him "wild"—and he had left the Army over head and ears in debt; but she could see no fault in him. Was he not handsomer, cleverer, kinder than any one else? And now, after three years' absence, he was coming home. The old home must be gay his debts, and perhaps stand for the county next year.

He was on his way home—he would be there almost as soon as his letter, the Captain wrote; and he hoped there was some shooting to be had. So, in a few weeks' time, the great gates were thrown open at Burgage; invitations were sent out for a grand dinner, and the house was to be filled for Christmas.

Captain Cavendish's return caused a sensation Foolish little country girls raved about his blue eyes, and thought his slightly cynical manner quite delightful. The young ex-Guardsman took all the compliments that were showered upon him as a matter of course. From his babyhood he had always been petted and spoiled; he could not remember ever having been denied anything; so he had grown up to think that the world was made for him, and his first thought was always for his own comfort and convenience. He was very fond of his mother, however, and a good a n in his way. It was pleasant to see them together—he so careful of her; she, cold and proud to most people, so loving and tender to him. While he was away she had grown less and more rigid economy, making herself a by-word amongst her tenants that she might pay some of his debts. Now her darling had come home; and, as if to further her scheme, D an Bopard's London niece, charming, lovely Coley Clayton, was staying at the Deanery. You must be hard indeed to please if he did not admire her—that the girl might not admire him never entered the proud m ther's head—and Coley's bright sweet face and her large fortune would brighten up the dull old house and bring back the good luck that had so long since departed. Tom fell in with the arrangement most dutifully when he saw Miss Clayton for the first time at a stiff dinner party.

"Who is she, mother," he asked coarsely—"the girl in white and gold?"

Coley was standing by the fire, fair and slim, her golden hair shining against the background of a dark old screen. Among the country squires' wives and daughters she stood out distinctly with her pretty self-possession, ease, and grace. Captain Cavendish thought her one of the prettiest girls he had ever seen. He had to take his portly hostess down to dinner; but Coley sat at his other hand, and he had time and opportunity to talk a good deal to her. He had never imagined that a girl with thirty thousand pounds and a prospect of more, could be so charming.

"You do not live here, Miss Clayton?" he inquired.

"Oh, no!" she replied. "I am staying with my uncle. It is my first visit to Ireland.

"And do you like old Ireland well enough to pay it a long visit?" queried Tom, with a smile.

"I am to stay until next spring—then I must go home. I am to come out, you know."

"Are you? No, I did not know. Of course you are looking forward anxiously to the event! All young ladies do."

"I think I am rather frightened."

"You have a great deal before you—all the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. You are taking them up just as I have abjured them."

"Have you?" Coley's brown eyes opened wide in surprise.

"Next year, when you are taking your pleasure at garden parties and flower shows, I shall be trudging about my farms trying to get up an interest in crops and fat cattle. I feel lamentably ignorant at presen ; but I dare say I shall improve."

"And you have been away three years?"

"Yes—wandering up and down the earth."

"Do you see very many changes?"

"I do not think there are ever many changes in Burgage. It has always looked the same since I was a boy. I almost think I recognize Mrs. O'Grady's cap as an old friend."

Coley laughed. Tom Cavendish was particular about a woman's laugh; but he thought Coley's the most musical he had ever heard.

Mrs. Cavendish was well pleased with the took on her son's face; and later in the ev ning she called Coley to her side, and spoke almost caressingly to the girl, praising her music and inviting her to come to the Hall.

Coley blushed under the scrutiny of the keen gray eyes; she was a little afraid of the stern old lady.

"I must beg your aunt to spare you to me for a little while, my dear. We shall try to make it pleasant for you. Are you fond of dancing? Yes! That's right. Tom—turning to her son—"we must manage a dance. I have been trying to persuade Miss Clayton to pay us a visit."

Coley had thought the dinner party would be so stupid that she did not want to go; and when he went to bed that night, it seemed to the girl that she had never been so happy before. She put her lilies-of-the-valley in water very carefully, for some one had said that he would keep one of them for ever; and then, having dismissed her maid, she sat long over the fire, her bright hair hanging loosely about her shoulders, thinking over the incidents of the evening. When should she see him again? she wondered. How different he was from Louis Bopard! Poor Louis—how cross he had been! And aunt Despard too had looked vexed—as if any one could care for a boy like that! When Coley fell asleep that night, she dreamed of Captain Cavendish's low voice and blue eyes.

Caroline, or Coley Clayton, as every one called her, was an only child. Her mother, who had been Dean Despard's favorite sister, was dead. H r father, a rich city merchant, was too absorbed in his business affairs to have much time to spare for his daughter. He was proud of her beauty; she had had the best governesses and masters that money could procure; he gave her a splendid allowance for a girl of her age, and asked no questions as to what she did with it.

Many people envied the rich Miss Clayton; but Coley was not quite happy. She was barely eighteen, and being mistress in the grand London house opposed her. She was lonely too, for she had no girl friends of her own age, no absorbing interests to occupy her thoughts. Her heart ached at the many tales of misery and want she heard, and she would have liked to go out herself into the wretched courts and alleys to talk to the poor women and make friends with the ragged, poverty-stricken children; but this idea her father vetoed. Such work was not for his daughter, he said. There were proper persons to do it—clergy, district visitors, and others, who understood the people. It was not a lady's business.

He did not object to her giving money to charities; he liked to see his name in the list as a contributor to this or that society; but Coley was not content with her idle fine lady's life.

It had been a thorough change for her to come over to Ireland on a visit to her uncle.

The Despards, though holding a good position in the county, were by no means well off. They had a large family and many claims upon their charity. Coley found plenty to do with her p cket-money, and the Deanery children soon grew to look upon their rich cousin as a sort of fairy godmother. The eldest son, Louis, just home for his holidays, worshipped at her shrine at once; and Mrs. Despard built many a castle in the air in which the cousins figured prominently.

Coley was very happy. She went about the parish with her uncle—into and out of the cottages, and down to the schools, where the little children would do anything for the pretty lady who smiled so sweetly and looked at them so kindly. It was a very quiet, uneventful sort of life for the London-bred girl until the m morable dinner party when she first met Tom Cavendish; after that, the world was never the same again. People said that winter that the D an's niece grew prettier every day. There was a new light in her eyes, a sweeter curve about her lips. Coley thought she had found everything worth living for at last—something that had changed the common world into a paradise. Captain Cavendish made no secret of his admiration; and, before a month had passed, all the county looked upon their engagement as a certainty.

"Cavendish has done very well for himself," grumbled jealous young country squires. "I don't know what she can see in a good-for-nothing fellow like that! But girls will do anything for a handsome face."

"I would not be too sure of anything yet. Cavendish is an awful flirt!" said others.

"Bah! He knows on which side his bread is buttered; if not, his mother is wise enough to tell him," said the village attorney. "She's the sharpest woman of business I ever came across."

Poor Louis Despard, seeing that his chance was hopeless, went off on a lonely walking tour. He was wildly in love with his pretty cousin, who, he dec ared tragically, had blighted his life and broken his heart.

It was hard to see so much money go out of the family; and Mrs. Despard made herself rather unpleasant; so two Coley was glad to go over to Burgage for a week, where she brightened up the whole house with her fair face and pretty girlish ways. The servants, looking upon her as their future mistress, fell in love with her at once. Old Mrs. Cavendish yielded to her influence, and displayed a warmth of feeling towards the girl which astonished everybody.

"I never saw my mother take to any one as she has taken to you," said Tom, as he and Coley sat together in the oak library.

"She is very good to me," the girl replied.

"Who do you think could help being good to you?" Tom replied, as he watched the firelight upon the girl's bright head and flushed downcast face.

"I have had so few friends all my life, and every one is so kind to me here!" said Coley, with some emotion.

"Then you like the place?" questioned the Captain.

"Yes," the girl answered simply.

Tom leaned over and took the little white hands in his.

"Coley, would you find it very hard to give up London altogether and stay here—here with me?"

A lovely crimson tide suffused the girl's fair face; but she did not take her hands away.

"Dear little Coley," Tom went on, in a dangerously tender tone, "do you think you could care for me enough to marry me?"

Very soft was Coley's "Yes"—very tremulous were her pretty lips; but Tom Cavendish was content.

Cynical man of the world as he was, the freshness and innocence of this young girl were even more attractive to him than her beauty. He knew that she was too good for him—that he did not deserve her love; but ever since he had known her he had been conscious of a desire to be something different from what he was. Surely, with Coley for his wife, he might become a better man!

Mrs. Cavendish seemed to grow young again in this happy fulfilment of all her hopes. With a lovely young wife who idolized him, Tom would become steady; all her sorrows and trials would pass away—the debts would be paid; Tom would live at home as his father had done before him; the Cavendishes would hold up their heads once more in the county.

Coley's perfect happiness was clearly visible on her pretty face; but old people who knew the world and were given to prophesy evil, shook their head s mournfully. In a melancholy manner Mrs. Despard wished her joy, warning her not to expect too much; but nothing could sadden Coley—her faith in her hand some lover was boundless. Did any one praise her beauty, she was glad to think he could admire it; if she thought not all of her money, it was with a feeling of joy that it was hers to give him. Now at last she had found out the secret of happiness; never again would her life be lonely—never again would her life be without a purpose.

Long afterwards people talked of Lady Mac nam ra's Christmas eve ball. Every one of note in the county was there. Mrs. Cavendish, looking very dignified in her rich black velvet and point-lace, had come out of her long seclusion; for her son had sown his wild oats, and was going to bring home the loveliest bride Burgage had ever seen. Her friends' congratulations were very sweet to the anxious mother's ears.

"She is all I could have wished," she said, looking fondly at Coley across the ball-room.

"She is very beautiful," declared Lady Macnamara. "Sir Burton says he has not seen such a beauty since he was a boy; and he thinks himself a judge, you know. By the way, tell me some people who have taken Stoneville are to be here to-night. The girl is very handsome."

"Tuey are French, I understand!" queried Mrs. Cavendish, in turn.

"Yes—at least the mother is. Stoneville is quite transformed; you would scarcely recognize him. They must have a great deal of money as well as taste."

"How late they are! My dear, surely you are not tired!" said Mrs. Cavendish, as Coley came towards them with flushed cheeks, crimson holly-berries looping up her trailing white silk dress, nestling in the rich lace of her bodice, and in her golden hair.

"Oh, no—we have only just commenced! I think it is a beautiful ball, Lady Macnamara! I am so glad you are enjoying it. How lovely your dress is, child—or yourself! Which is it, Captain Cavendish?"

"A little of both, I should think," said the Captain, looking down proudly at the fair slim figure.

They were certainly the handsomest couple in the room, and their love for each other was apparent; and yet Lady Macnamara sighed to herself—she scarcely knew why, but she had known Tom Cavendish for years, and she would not have liked to trust the happiness of a daughter of her own to his keeping.

Just then she was called away to welcome some new arrivals—a tall, handsome woman and a dark-eyed girl—a slender, glowing beauty, in a wonderful toilette of black and crimson, perfectly appointed from the crown of her dainty head to the tip of her little shoe. As they en ered, a murmur of adm ration went round the room.

"Who is she, Tom? Do you know?" asked Coley eagerly.

As a rule, Captain Cavendish knew every one. His last blue-eyed ball-room acquaintance had all the new beauty; but, when Coley spoke, he turned away again carelessly.

"Never saw her before. The Stoneville people, I suppose. Bad style, I call her. We are losing our waltz, Coley—unless you are tired!"—and they joined in the dance again.

It was soon evident that a change had come over the spirit of the ball room, and that Coley Clayton was no longer undisputed belle. Sir Burton stuck manfully to his colors, and the women too; but the young men were dazzled by the brilliant French girl—by her dark eyes, sparkling conv rsation, and above all, her novelty; there were some even among the more daring spirits who called Miss Clayton's fair sweet beauty insipid in comparison.

"She is always the same, you know," declared one young fellow; "and she has no eyes for any one but Cavendish. I wonder if Miss Vigors hunts? What a difference they will make in the county! Who they are and where they come from none one s ems to know; but they must have plenty of money; and every one has called on them."

"I think her lovely, Tom—don't you?" said Coley, later on.

"Who—Miss Vigors? You all seem wild about her. She is well enough; but she wriggles about too much, I think."

Captain Cavendish was not in a very good humor. He had meant his betrothed to carry off all the honors of the evening, and then was this little French girl coming in at the last minute and upsetting his plans! He wished Coley had not come so early; the other girl evidently knew what she was about. How well she waltzed! How those idiots crowded about her! After all, there was something stupid in a public engagement; a fellow was expected to behave as though he were married; he was quite out of the running to-night. What eyes this French girl had!

The Captain sat in the deep window-seat by his lady-love, and watched Daphne Vigors' pretty airs and graces with contemptuous annoyance. It was his proud boast that no woman could ever deceive him. He saw, or thought he saw, through all their motives; and perhaps the greatest charm Coley Clayton had had for him was her perfect innocence. With her he was always at his best; she believed in him so thoroughly that she forced him to deserve her good opinion.

Later on, when Tom Cavendish was dancing with Daphne Vigors, listening to her pretty sparkling remarks on the other guests, her pitiful complaints about the stupidity of Irish country life, he was almost tempted to wish that Coley was a little more of a woman of the world.

"And you have to settle here too, they tell me. Oh, how I pity you!" she exclaimed, so charmingly that Tom really did think he was to be pitied.

"Paris is the only place fit to live in!" he said saucily.

"Ah, you agree with me—how delightful! Now I have found a s me one who will talk to me about my dear France, and you must tell me who all the people are. Who is that tall fair girl in the white silk with holly berries? She looks different from the others; but red does not suit her."

"That is Miss Clayton," answered Tom shortly; but he did not add that he was engaged to her.

"Miss Clayton? Ah, the Dean's niece—is it not so? She is what you call an heiress; and she is pretty too; but she wants—she wants something—I don't exactly know what. But yes—she is pret y, and her dress is lovely!"

Captain Cavendish was more annoyed by this criticism than he would have liked to own.

"It is very good of you to admire her," he said coldly. "I thought ladies could never see anything admirable in another."

"That is a mistake you men make," declared Daphne Vigors archly. Then, continuing her criticism, she went on, "And she is good too; I feel that she is good. She is not like poor me—always wanting balls and parties. Captain Cavendish, can you tell me why all men in the world are so cruel to us poor ladies?"

"I hope you will make an exception in my favor," said Tom, laughing now and looking down into the girl's dark eyes.

"But you are not of the country," she rejoined, with a little n d. "And now, if you will take me to my mother, I will introduce you."

In spite of Miss Vigors' "bad style," Captain Cavendish danced several times with her that evening; and the French girl's dark eyes grew brighter with excitement, and a flush rose in her smooth pale cheeks, making her look more brilliant than ever.

It seemed to Coley in af er years that the first dark clouds cast their shadows upon her life on that Christmas morning, when the church bells were ringing out their glad tidings and the people were wishing each other "A Merry Christmas." She was glad when it was all over; there were a mistake, she was beginning to think.

"Yes, I am a little tired," she said, wearily, in answer to Sir Burton's good-natured inquiries; "but it has been such a nice ball; I shall often think of it."

"And so will a great many others, I am sure, my dear," replied the old man, with his old-fashioned gallantry.

"I hope you will call upon those new people soon, mother."

"Those F ench people, do you m an?" inquired Mrs. Cavendish, in a doubtful tone.

"Her days b lundy—never again would her life be without a purpose."

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afternoon," explained Mrs. Vigors graciously. "We generally have a few friends and a little music."

"Well, mother, do you like them?" asked the Captain during the journey home.

"They are very agreeable, certainly, and the house is beautiful—a little overdone, I call it. It seems to me, Tom, the girl is a bit of a flirt."

"Bah! Women always say that of any pleasant girl. There's not much use in flirting with me, mother; I am out of the running now."

"Does she know you are engaged?"

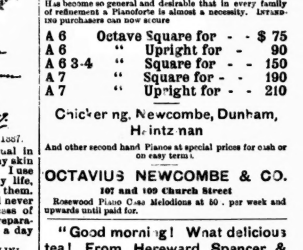
"Most people do; she will hear it soon enough. Don't you think it would be rather officious of me at present to convey such an interesting piece of information to her?"

"I cannot think how any one can compare her beauty with Coley's," observed Mrs. Cavendish.

"All a matter of taste," yawned the Captain, with affected carelessness.

"She will be quite faded in ten years, when Coley will be at her best. Are you going up to the Deanery this evening, Tom?"

"I think not. I have to see Price about one of those farms."



Hey Jimmy, how's dis for a mash!—*Life.*

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73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

Natural Science.

Patrick—Phwy do ye be wearin' thot heavy coat a warrum day lolke this?

Mike—Oi had th' coat wid me, an' it's aiser wearin' it than carryin' it.

Patrick—That's phwe say r mishtaken, Mike. Wan day lasht wake Tim Murphy, who kapes th' saloon on th' corner, axed me to go t' th' dale's an' get him a dimijohn of whisky. I wint, an' th' dimijohn was so heavy Oi took some swigs out av it, to lighten it, but begorry th' more av it Oi dronk up, the heavier it got, until Oi cudn't carry it at all at all.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Catchy Advertising

Is not necessary once the public knows by practical experience the real merit of any article. The "Health" underwear just introduced, and for sale by W. A. Murray & Co., once worn or seen will speak for themselves; they are the acme of comfort and luxury, and a sure preventitive against cold.

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'PHONE 479.

All's Well That Ends Well.

The house presented a gloomy aspect. The window curtains were drawn to shut out the sunlight, and the servants tiptoed noiselessly through the darkened halls, for in one of the upper chambers its master lay dying. A physician and nurse stood by his bedside.

Presently the sick man opened his eyes and asked in a weak voice:

"Where is my daughter?"

"Here, papa," and Florence Harrington issued from the dark corner of the room where she had been sitting.

"I want to speak with you alone, dear. Send the others away," he said.

The other occupants of the room withdrew, and as the door closed behind them he took his daughter's hand.

"Florence," he said, "the physicians tell me that I have not long to live, and when I die you will be alone in the world. It has been my cherished wish that you and Alan Morton should one day marry, and I want you to marry now, as I cannot leave you without a protector."

"Oh, papa, how can I give you up!" sobbed the girl.

"We must submit to the will of Heaven, my child. But tell me, are you willing to marry Alan?"

"Oh, I cannot marry a man for whom I care nothing, and who does not love me!"

"Is there another attachment?" he asked.

"No. I love no one but you, papa."

He smiled faintly.

"Alan is a good man, and you will learn to love him in time."

"Does he know of your plans?"

"Yes. I had a conference with him a few days ago and he is willing to accede to my wishes. Now I feel that the end is drawing near, and I want some one to send for him and a clergyman directly."

Messengers were despatched for both, but Alan was the first to arrive.

Mr. Harrington looked up with a smile as he entered the room.

"Alan, my boy, I have not long to live; will you aid Florence be married now?" he asked.

"I am quite ready," he responded promptly.

Florence was kneeling by her father's side, but as Alan spoke she lifted her head and gazed at him scornfully.

"Mr. Morton, I do not love you at any time, but at the present moment I almost hate you!"

A flush crept into his dark cheek.

"Do you not see that your unkind words distress your father?" he said gently, trying to take her hand.

She snatched it hastily away and rose to her feet.

At that moment the clergyman arrived, and a short time after the pair stood by the bedside man and wife.

A day later Mr. Harrington died.

. . . . . .

Two years passed. Florence still held to the idea that her husband had married her out of pity, and although she had learned to care for him, concealed the feeling behind a mask of seeming indifference.

One evening they sat in their cozy library, Florence at the piano, idly turning the leaves of a music book, while Alan reclined in an arm chair. Graham Hartley was announced, and as he entered Florence rose to greet him.

"Have I interrupted your music?" he asked, taking the hand she extended.

"Oh, no! I grew tired of playing, and Alan is already bored to death."

Alan's response was an indignant denial.

Mr. Hartley laughed as he threw himself into a chair. Florence seated herself near the table and took up some dainty work.

"I must keep employed," she said laughing, thus showing the dimples in either cheek. "You know Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

"It is not our hands alone that get us into mischief," said Hartley. "Our tongues are quite as liable to offend."

"I agree with you," put in Alan; "but it is the over employment of that member which gets us into trouble; therefore take warning, Graham."

Mr. Hartley laughed.

"Have a cigar?" asked Alan, pushing the case towards him. Graham declined, then turned to Florence.

"Why, Mrs. Morton, do you allow Alan to smoke here?"

"Oh, yes, Alan does as he feels inclined. I do not object to the odor of cigar smoke, so you are at liberty to indulge in your favorite amusement; I believe you are an inveterate smoker."

"Some one has maligned me," he said, glancing at Alan. "I will prove that I can pass one evening without indulging in my favorite amusement."

After a few moments' general conversation he asked:

"Are you going to Mrs. Warner's reception on Thursday night?"

"No," replied Florence, with a pout. "Isn't it too bad? I had counted on it, and have such a bewildering gown for the occasion. But Alan has discovered at the last moment that business requires him to leave town, and therefore I must stay at home."

"Wretched!" exclaimed Mr. Hartley. "Could you not accept me as an escort? It would be too bad to miss such a grand affair as that promises to be."

Alan glanced quickly at his wife, but her eyes were fixed on her work. There was a slight pause; probably she was waiting for him to speak. As he remained silent, she replied carelessly:

"I will accept you as a cavalier, if you do not mind."

"It will give me the greatest pleasure," Graham Hartley, answered eagerly, rather too eagerly, perhaps.

Nothing more was said on the subject. But after Hartley took his departure, Alan turned to Florence and said angrily:

"You had no right to accept Hartley as your escort. Remember you are my wife."

"One seldom forgets disagreeable things, no matter how much one may wish to do so," she said, shrugging her shoulders. "Your silence seemed to sanction the arrangement."

"I did not exercise any authority in the matter knowing you would go exactly contrary to my wishes."

"Yes, I should have done so."

"Florence, will you not do this one thing to please me? Do not allow Hartley to accompany you. If you really care so much for the entertainment, I will take you myself."

"What if I prefer Mr. Hartley's society?" she asked, tantalizingly.

Alan's face grew pale, and he fixed his eyes pleadingly on her face.

"Do you?"

"Why shouldn't I?" she replied; but she did not meet his gaze.

Without another word he turned and left the room. Florence sat down suddenly, trembling in every limb.

"Oh, why did I say such a dreadful thing? But I will not be dictated to," she said with a flash of temper. "And he is so exasperating! He does not care in the least for me, while—pshaw! I am giving way to weakness; I will take a drive to banish melancholy." And she went swiftly out of the room.

. . . . . .

Mrs. Warner's reception was a brilliant affair, but Florence was glad when the time came for her to leave. She had accepted Hartley's escort in a moment of pique, and now greatly regretted doing so.

"I wish we could go on this way forever," Hartley said, leaning back contentedly in the carriage as they drove homeward.

"Are you so fond of driving?" Mrs. Morton asked, purposely misunderstanding his meaning. "I think it would be rather monotonous."

"It is bliss to be with you," he replied sentimentally.

"What nonsense!" she retorted, while a frown gathered on her forehead.

"If you only knew how much I love you—"

She turned a pair of blazing eyes upon him.

"I do not care to know, and I demand an apology for your words. You forget yourself—you who profess to be Alan's friend."

"I never pretended to be Alan's friend. I am his wife."

"Well, I do not wish you even for an acquaintance."

"You are candid. But one cannot withdraw one's friendship on such short notice. Why did you allow me to take you to-night, if I may ask the question?"

"I did it to tease Alan."

"To arouse his jealousy, perhaps. I trust it had the desired effect," rather sarcastically. "I did not know you were so fond of him as to care to try the experiment."

"I ought to treat such a remark as that with silent contempt, but as I wish to correct a false impression, I will tell you that I love my husband as much as I despise you."

And at that moment she did despise him. Just then the carriage drew up before the house; she sprang out without waiting for Mr. Hartley's assistance, and with a hasty "good-night," hurried into the house.

One morning a week later, Mrs. Darrel tripped into Mrs. Morton's parlor. Florence had made Mrs. Darrel's acquaintance soon after her marriage. Alan never quite approved of her as an associate for his wife, but the latter took a fancy to her bright ways, so there existed a sort of friendship between them.

"I ran in to see if you will go with us to Earle's, this afternoon, to see the 'pictures,'" she said, when Florence came to receive her.

"Oh, I think not," she replied. "I promised myself to remain at home to-day. You and Mr. Darrel must get along without me."

Mrs. Darrel elevated her eyebrows, then burst into a musical laugh.

"Who said anything about Mr. Darrel, pray?"

"Is he not going?"

"Certainly not," still laughing. "I meant Mr. Hartley and myself. Oh, it is too stupid going out with one's husband. Do you not find it so?"

"I do not think a married woman has a right to accept attention from any man but her husband," Florence replied.

"Oh, you have such old fashioned notions of propriety! By the way, was not Graham Hartley with you at Mrs. Warner's the other night?" rather quizzically.

Mrs. Morton's face flamed scarlet for an instant, then suddenly paled. If she could but root that event from her memory!

"Yes," she answered.

"And was Mr. Morton becomingly jealous under the circumstances?"

"I do not think jealousy becoming to any one," wishing to avoid making a direct answer.

"Oh, then, he is troubled with the green-eyed monster! Well, I pity you."

Half an hour after she rose to go.

"I am sorry you will not join us this afternoon. I'm sure you would have enjoyed it, but you know best. Good by."

While riding down the street in her pony phaeton, the mischievous little woman espied Alan walking.

"I'll just tease him a bit," she thought, as he bowed to her.

She drew her horses up to the sidewalk and beckoned to him. He came and stood by the carriage, hat in hand.

"Good morning," she said. "Is not this a beautiful day?"

He assented, meanwhile wondering if she had called him only to make that original remark.

"Oh, have you seen any of the new paintings at Earle's?" she asked, toying with the whip.

"Not yet, but I intend taking Florence very soon."

"Do you know she is going with Mr. Hartley and myself to-day?" watching him.

Alan bit his lip, while an angry flush suffused his face. Mrs. Darrel was delighted.

"Was it to tell me this that you stopped me?" he asked rather coldly.

"Partly," she answered smiling.

"I fully appreciate your kindness, believe me."

Then Mrs. Darrel laughed outright.

"Oh, you jealous mortal!" she cried. "I only said all this to tease you, but I will torture you no longer. Mrs. Morton is not going—she refused outright. Are you happy once more?"

Alan's face did brighten perceptibly, despite his efforts to control his countenance.

"Good by," she continued. "I know you will forgive me this bit of pleasantry."

She touched her horses lightly with a whip, and drove off laughing, so pleased was she with her "little joke," as she called it.

"Why, he looked like a thunder cloud!" she said to herself.

"Odious woman!" muttered Alan, as she drove away. "I will go and take Florence to Earle's this very day."

It was some hours later that he wended his way home. He let himself in with his latchkey, and mounted the stairs to his wife's little sitting room. The door was slightly ajar, and he saw her reclining in a chair, an open book on her lap. She was asleep, so he entered softly and stood by her chair, gazing at her. Then, as if unable to resist the impulse, he bent and kissed her. She gave a start and opened her eyes. Seeing him standing there, she rose quickly.

"Was I asleep? When did you come in?" she asked in some confusion.

"I came in a few minutes ago. How would you like to go to the art exhibition?"

"Very much," stooping to pick up the book which had fallen to the floor.

He watched her as she moved gracefully about, and a deep sigh escaped him. She looked at him in surprise, and their eyes met.

"Oh, Florence," he cried, "how happy we might be if you loved me one tithe as much as I love you!"

She turned to him with shining eyes.

"Alan, is it true? Do you really love me?"

His face was radiant as he clasped her in his arms.

"I always have loved you, my darling. Do you care for me a little in return?"

"Oh, no, not a little, but very, very much!" earnestly.

"My own wife!" clasping her more closely, "when did you make that discovery?"

"So long ago that I do not remember," she said, smilingly.

"And yet you never betrayed, even by a sign, that you loved me," he said, reproachfully.

"Why, of course not. I thought you only married me out of compassion, and—"

He stopped further utterance with a kiss.

"I loved you even then."

"Poor Alan!" she said tenderly, as she put up her hand and drew his face down to hers. Then, extricating herself from his arms, she said laughingly, "It is quite time to dress, if we are going out, so I must make haste!" And she ran gayly from the room.

Mr. Hartley and Mrs. Darrel, promenading through the picture gallery, espied Mr. and Mrs. Morton. Mrs. Darrel was the first to see them and pointed them out to her escort. Later on they met face to face. The greeting was friendly as Florence was too happy to bear malice toward any one, and Hartley noticed that whatever estrangement had existed between Mr. and Mrs. Morton now existed no longer. They chatted together for a while, then separated.

"Florence," said Alan, as the other couple strolled away, "do you know that until to-day I have been horribly jealous?"

"Jealous!" she echoed.

"Yes, I thought you cared for Graham Hartley."

"What put such an idea into your head?"

"You told me you preferred his society to mine."

"Oh! you silly boy! I was angry that day, and told you a big fib. But you never really believed it."

"Yes, implicitly."

"You are worth a whole army of such as he," she replied with an upward glance.

"If we were not in a public place I would kiss you," he said, with a fond look.

"Oh, how thankful I am to escape such a punishment!" she answered laughingly.

And Alan contented himself by pressing more closely the arm that was linked within his own.

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The Christmas Saturday Night.

Inside of two weeks it is expected that this beautiful holiday paper will be in the market. Everything is being pushed forward as speedily as is compatible with excellence. The labor and care of producing an artistic production of this sort can only be understood by those who have tried it. The combined effort of writers, artists, engravers, printers is not readily got together in a satisfactory manner, and those who will turn over the beautiful pages of our Christmas annual cannot well estimate the labor and expense which has been expended in its production. This number will differ from our former issues in being larger, more profusely and better illustrated, and containing a selection of literature that has never been surpassed by any holiday publication in Canada. Special attention has been given to the children, and the little folks will find in this paper a mine of delight. It has been aimed to make it the number of the season and we look forward confidently to the result.

Music.

The nineteenth annual concert of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society was very well attended, and was received with due enthusiasm. Rarely has there been a prettier sight than was offered by the decorations on the stage and in the Pavilion generally. Beautiful as was the effect, it had a rather dispiriting influence on the programme, as its artistic loveliness was not equalled by its acoustic excellence. The voices of the singers lost some of their natural resonance as a result. The programme was a very good one, containing enough Irish music to maintain the national character of the entertainment, and reflected great credit on Mr. H. M. Blight, who had charge of it. Mrs. Caldwell sang well, as she always does, and gave very effective renderings of There's a Dear Spot in Ireland, and of The Gap in the Hedge. These songs were not of the bravura style in which this lady excels, but were sung with feeling and a delicate sentiment. In her first encore song Mrs. Caldwell was in her natural element, and the Carnival of Venice was her best effort that evening. She also gave a dainty rendering of Blackberries and Kisses.

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Miss Alexander showed herself at her best, and evinced very marked improvement over her work of last year, on this the first occasion I was able to hear her this season. Always good in her humorous work, she is now developing strength and magnetism in more serious lines. Her reading of The Bridge of Tay was very strong and dramatic. The Mendelssohn Quartette of Detroit made a very good impression, and sang in a manner that evinced careful training. Their shading and rubato effects were excellently done. Yet they do not yet reach my ideal of a male quartette. Their voices hardly blend in quality, the second tenor falling in mezza voce, and the first tenor being too broad in tone for forte effects. I have often noticed in American male quartettes that there is a strong tendency to over-polish; the brilliancy is rubbed out of the voices, as it were, and no fine, resonant fortes are reached. So it was with the Mendelssohn on this occasion. Beautiful as a well-balanced, soft tone is, the strong, full tone has its uses as well, and should not be utterly neglected. Still, I think that these gentlemen compare favorably with the best that have been here, and I hope they may visit us again. They have an excellent repertoire and sing all their music from memory.

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The first tenor, Mr. Charles V. Stevens, is a finished and very artistic singer in his solo work, and gave a rendering of My Snowy Breasted Pearl that was elegant in sentiment. Mr. E. C. Crane, the baritone, has an exceedingly fine voice, and is a very promising young singer. The basso, Mr. Puddifoot, is a fairly acceptable soloist, but does excellent work in the quartette. Mr. H. M. Blight sang excellently, giving a thoughtful rendering of The Minstrel Boy, with a good rollicking performance of The Longshoreman as an encore. The accompaniments were in excellent hands, Mr. Blight playing at her best.

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On Monday and Tuesday next the fine orchestra of Carl Zerrahn of Boston will give us three grand concerts at the Pavilion, in conjunction with the chorus of the Philharmonic Society under Mr. F. H. Torrington. The splendid list of orchestral pieces has already been noticed here and is full of novelties that should interest all music lovers. The soloists are all artists of the highest standing and comprise: Miss Jennie Dutton, soprano; Mrs. Ida Bond Younge, soprano; Miss Annie Beere, contralto; Mr. W. Dennison, tenor; Dr. Carl E. Martin, basso. At the matinee popular prices, 25, 50 and 75 cents, will prevail, while the same artists will take part.

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On the same evening the choir of the Church of the Holy Trinity, with Mr. A. R. Blackburn as conductor, gave a very successful concert. The first part of the entertainment consisted of Franz Abt's cantata, Richard Cœur de Lion" the choruses of which were well rendered and showed evidence of much careful training. The solo parts were well sustained by Messrs. E. G. Pearce, C. E. Rudge, A. L. James, and A. L. E. Davies, Messrs. Rudge and Davies receiving a hearty double encore. The second part of the concert consisted of miscellaneous selections, sung in costume. The trio, We Are Warriors Three, by Messrs. Davies, Emery and Fahey, was particularly well received, as was also the solo and chorus, Jammo, by Master J. Long and chorus of boys, who looked charmingly pretty in their tastefully designed costumes. Altogether the concert well sustained the reputation earned by the choir under the able direction of Mr. Blackburn.

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I append a wail from one of those long-suffering choristers who feels his Pegasus-like flight hampered by the groaning and grunting of the groundlings near him when he sings at chorus rehearsals. No doubt his plaint is well founded and justified, for there can hardly be anything more tiresome to the practised chorister than to find himself supported (?) by a couple of humble vocal imitators who "like to stand near you, old fellow, because we catch the notes then!" Yet the remedy, or rather the relief, suggested by my correspondent, pleasant and artistic as it would be, will, I am afraid, be found impossible at the present juncture.

The disabilities complained of have already driven a number of seasoned choristers into the two vocal societies, and a more or less stringent mode of selection has been exercised in the two oratorio societies. No doubt it would be a fine thing to have an oratorio chorus of a hundred or more trained voices, possessing both the singing and reading gift, but I have a notion that the existing organizations will have a large-sized financial problem before them ere the present season closes, and any new organization on old lines, so to speak, would find that life is not all beer and skittles, in fact could not live and meet its obligations. Yet the ground taken by "Second Bass" will not be without its lesson to conductors and committees, and his letter now follows:

DEAR METRONOME,—I venture to bring to your attention an idea on which I have bestowed considerable attention. As a member of some experience in a leading church choir and also in the Philharmonic Society I have noticed in common with others that our choral organizations are composed of a very mixed multitude. In spite of various attempts at careful selection of recruits many of the singers are such in name only, having poor voices and no knowledge whatever of music. The immediate result of this is that such people require an awful amount of rehearsing to enable them to go through a part at all, in fact they have to pick up the "tune" by ear from the conductor or their more accomplished neighbors as best they can. If a new work is attacked for the first time they simply sit and stare at the music, while those who really can sing, and more especially read at sight, go ahead and break the ice. Of course it is not always possible for a choirmaster to be independent of incompetent but well-meaning choristers, but nothing is more vexatious to a singer capable singer than to have to attend rehearsals and waste his time listening to amateurs struggling along simple passages that he renders freely at sight and with finished expression at second reading. Nor does the trouble end with one rehearsal. Often enough, after an evening has been spent in patient drilling, the choir separates, to come together a week later, only to find that so far as the greenhorns are concerned all has gone in at one ear and out of the other. These people who cannot read and can sing "a little" are in every choir and choral society in the city. I am not going to suggest any remedies for them just now, but there are besides a number of excellent choristers who in reality do most of the work and who would get along with less than half the practice that is now necessary if they were unhampered by these "hangers-on." What is the matter with forming a society to which merit and ability will be indispensable requisites of admission? In a city of the size of Toronto there can be no difficulty in getting together say a hundred competent choristers, who can render ordinary oratorio and church music at sight, and there are half a dozen good choirmasters quite competent to wield the baton. Such a chorus would prepare Gounod's Redemption in half a dozen rehearsals, while any of the existing societies would want as many months to do the work. What is more, there are plenty of good singers who would gladly devote a few evenings to chorus work in good company, but who will not be bothered wasting night after night listening to amateurs trying to sing three notes up a scale after learning the "tune." Let us have one good select chorus—it will not interfere with those in existence. But make the motto "No greenhorns need apply." Yours truly,

SECOND BASS.

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Our friends from the Land o' Cakes no doubt anticipate a treat next Monday and Tuesday, when the Balmoral Choir will give concerts at Association Hall. As before, their programmes will embrace part songs and solos, with recitations by Mr. Patrick.

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The Toronto Orchestral Association, which is the successor of the Torrington Orchestra, has commenced rehearsals for the season with gratifying prospects. It will give two concerts during the winter in aid of the University Library Fund.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

The Millionaire, presented by Daniel Sully and company at the Grand Opera House this week, is a rather taking play of the realistic-sensational variety. It deals with the struggle between two corporations in the building of railroads. James O'Brien is a contractor who is striving to finish his road before the charter expires. The rival concern, run by an English syndicate, use every means in their power to obstruct his work. Several stratagems are tried, but the wily O'Brien is too cute for them. He gets into the enemy's camp in disguise and succeeds in winning the affections of the sister of his chief opponent as well as in finding out his plans. This, combined with the circumstance that O'Brien's foreman falls in love with the pretty daughter of the solicitor for the syndicate, furnishes the necessary sentimental element. A desperate effort is made to induce O'Brien's laborers to strike just as the track is almost finished. The Italian or "dago" element among them does strike, but the Irish element is induced by many references to the honor of their country and their race to stand by the O'Brien. The last spike is driven just before the inspection train arrives and O'Brien is triumphant. The track-laying scene is most realistically done. Real sleepers are imbedded in real sand and real iron rails are laid on them. To complete the realism a small locomotive with drive wheels and rods and pistons and a steam whistle rolls in on the real track. Mr. Sully has in The Millionaire the best medium for his peculiar line of talent that has yet been afforded him. It has a strong Irish flavor. It does not drag or grow wearisome. It has humor enough and sensation enough to make it a most successful popular play. It is a decided upward step for Mr. Sully.

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Mrs. Leslie Carter, who will appear in "The Ugly Duckling" at the Grand Opera House on Monday next brings with her a very strong company, some of the members having been selected last summer in London, and brought over especially to support her. Mr. Arthur Dacre, who played the leading role of Douglas Oakley, created in London, the great part of Jim the Penman, a story which was afterward used in every English-speaking part of the globe, and Mr. Dacre's impersonation of him copied. Mr. E. J. Henley is also an English actor of renown. He has, however, been seen in Canada before where his talents are well known. Mr. Ian Robertson comes from London as does also Mr. Mervyn Dallas. Mr. W. H. Thompson and Mr. R. T. Cotton are both American actors of worth and reputation and so is Mr. Raymond Homes, who is also an English actor, but for a long time a member of Mr. Augustin Daly's New York Company. The ladies of Mrs. Leslie Carter's company are equally well known. The ever-beautiful Miss Helen Bancroft has been seen here before, and so has Miss Ida Vernon, who was a member of Mr. Daniel Frohman's New York Lyceum Company, and Miss Helen Russell, who was for many years with Mr. A. M. Palmer's New York Madison Square Company. Mrs. Carter is a handsome woman. She has an abundance of long, light hair, which grows prettily around a smooth forehead. Her blue eyes are big and expressive. She is shapely, lithe, and remarkably graceful. She has an air of refinement and distinction. Her voice is full, musical, and capable of good modulation. Nature has outfitted her generously for the profession which she has chosen, and her first public performance was a remarkable triumph of her own aptness and her trainer's skill in developing her faculties.

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Annie Pixley has by no means struck a bonanza in her new play, Kate. The audience that assembled at the Academy on Tuesday night to see it was yawning before it was half over. It is flimsy in construction and uninteresting in its characterization—that is, if it can be said to have any characterization. What interest it has depends almost entirely on incident and the incident is frequently strained and not even dramatically probable. From a literary point of view it cannot be regarded other than crude and amateurish. The dialogue is feeble and the action unskilfully arranged. It is a story of the American civil war and is very apparently prepared to tickle the patriotic palates of the citizens of the Republic, both North and South. The story opens at Major Randall's residence just before the war. Kate Desmond is a ward of Major Randall, and she is loved by the Major's son. Richard Craven, nephew of the Major and a villain, forges a cheque and blames it on Jack Randall, his cousin, and is believed by Jack's father in that off-hand manner with which dramatists sometimes make fathers think evil of their sons. A circumstance from which all the trouble following springs, is a mistake. It strikes the spectator's mind as being unnatural, and interest is largely lost in the subsequent developments. There are some bright points in the play that rouse a person somewhat, but there is nothing like sustained interest. Not even the clever work of some of the company can successfully retain the attention. Miss Pixley's style of work does not lend itself successfully to the part of Kate Desmond, although her work is as clever as usual. Mr. Joseph Brennan does fair work as Major Randall. Mr. M. C. Daly as Corporal Crabtree is spirited and amusing. Miss Adele Frost in Lucille completed the week at this house.

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The Valdis Sisters vaudeville company has played at Jacobs & Sparrow's this week. Nearly everyone has seen the Valdis Sisters and their wonderful silver revolving trapeze. As an example of gymnastic work it is difficult to beat. Their company this season is, perhaps, not quite up to the standard of former years, although it contains a number of excellent features. Eddie Giguerre is with them and the Brothers Braatz, whose acrobatic feats are wonderful. The song and dance part of the programme is fair.

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Mr. J. W. Bengough is advertised to give some of his inimitable chalk sketches of Men You Know, in Association Hall, on Friday, December 5. Everyone who has ever heard Mr. Bengough knows what he can do with such a subject. His entertainment is not in the form of a lecture, however, but includes character sketches, personal imitations and a heap of other funny material.

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DRAMATIC NOTES.

(Whisper): They say Pat Rooney has quit singing his new song, I'm a Cousin to Parnell.

Mr. E. S. Willard, the English actor, scored a great success in New York last week in The Middleman.

Vanity Fair is responsible for the interesting announcement that Mary de Navarro, *nee* Anderson, is about to become a mother.

Emma V. Sheridan and Julia Marlowe, two of the brightest young women on the American stage, have been seriously ill recently.

They say Florence St. John is getting out her impressions of America in book form. She thinks the Americans are slow to tumble to a joke.

Mrs. Kendal's days in New York, it is said, are filled with social engagements. Receptions, calls, and other duties among the "best" people, together with her professional work, make her a very busy woman.

Mr. William J. Romaine, who is traveling with the McDowell company as understudy, is a Toronto boy. Out of courtesy to Mr. Romaine, he was allowed to play the part of Cis Farringdon in the Saturday matinee performance while the company was here. The manner in which he does his work is very promising, and we may expect great things of him some day.

The *Echo de Paris* says that on the day following the first production of Cleopatra a well-known critic, who had "slated" the play, received the following from the incensed author:

MY DEAR FRIEND: I should like to have come and taken your hand to-day, but after your article of this morning, I can offer you only my little finger. Yours truly,

VICTORIEN SARDOU

The New York *Dramatic News* is holding a voting competition as to the most popular treasurer in any theater or with any traveling company in America, and is offering a fine gold watch to the successful man. On the long list our own "Andy" Small stands third from the top. If there is anyone who can sell a ticket or stand off a dead-beat with more urbanity than A. J. he must be a walking smile.

According to an article in the New York *Press*, actors are large investors in real estate. The heaviest real estate owner is said to be Maggie Mitchell. Her property is valued at from $200,000 to $350,000, and is scattered all over Harlem. Lotta is believed to possess over $200,000 worth of real estate. Oliver Doud Byron has $100,000 in landed property, principally in Brooklyn and down at Long Branch. Nell Burgess is another land-owner. Agnes Booth Schoeffel's hotel at Manchester-by-the-Sea is worth $100,000. Mrs. Langtry owns considerable land in California. Mary Anderson-Navarro has property in New York, London and Louisville. Fanny Rice has a farm in Vermont, Mme. Modjeska has property in California, Fanny Davenport owns a place at Canton, Pa., Clara Morris has real estate in several New York neighborhoods, and Mrs. D. P. Bowers also has property in New York. Booth and Barrett own houses in New York and Boston, Louis Aldrich has property in the latter city. Mrs. McKee Rankin has the Knolls at Riverdale-on-the-Hudson; Nellie McHenry has a cottage at Long Branch, Lena Merville a house up in Yonkers, Milton Nobles is believed to have property worth $100,000 in Brooklyn, Georgia Cayvan owns a house in New York, W. H. Crane owns several houses in New York and his own place at Cohasset, Mass., J. H. Stoddart owns a $20,000 piece of property in New Brunswick, N.J., J. H. Ryley's possessions in New Rochelle are believed to be worth $50 000, Harry McDonough owns a house and lot at Orange, N.J., Charles Plunkett is a landlord at Orange, N.J., John Webster's property at Long Branch is worth $30,000; James O'Neill owns property in New York valued at $10 000, Ada Rehan owns two houses in New York, and Herbert Kelcey is said to be a real estate owner in England.

'Varsity Chat.

The students of Wycliffe College held an informal social assembly in one of the upper rooms in the college one night last week. The freshmen were, in glowing speeches, welcomed to the college halls, and they in turn returned thanks for all the favors shown them by their seniors. Mr. Cunningham, B.A. (T.C.D.), a student of the college, who was a passenger on the Vancouver on her last trip to this country, gave a vivid account of the dangers and terrors of the mighty deep. The freshmen were not the least inclined to levity as Mr. Cunningham was speaking.

The students in the medical department will dine at the Rossin House on the evening of December 4. The medicals are to be congratulated on the enthusiasm with which they maintain their annual banquet. Why should the arts men not follow the good example of their brethren?

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"The Champions" is the term applied to our Association football team, which has not met with a reversion or defeat this year. The boys have brought honor to the 'Varsity in this line of activity. The football season is now over and the champions have the best wishes of their fellow-students that success may also wait upon and attend them in their studies. The President of the W. R. Buckingham and the ever-alert D. M. Duncan were a host in themselves on the team.

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The members of the senate are seriously considering the advisability of adopting the system of University Extension which has been tried and found to be popular in England. If this system is adopted here our professors and lecturers will be delivering lectures and addresses on university subjects throughout the province. Local examinations will be held for the benefit of those who attend the lectures, and certificates will be granted to those who gives sufficient indication of possessing adequate knowledge of the subjects lectured upon.

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The Modern Language Club did not discuss Carlyle and His Works on Monday last, as the regular meeting was adjourned to afford an opportunity to the members of the club to view the football match, 'Varsity *v.* Grand Trunks.

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The students of the School of Practical Science have a library for their separate use. Mr. Andrew Lane is librarian. The annual banquet of the school will be held at Webb's next Friday night. Mr. W. Russell represented the boys at the McGill College banquet last Thursday night.

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Mr. W. M. Weir, B.A., '90, is now studying medicine.

DRAX ALEEN.

He Didn't Help the Matter.

Mrs. Greyneck—Mr. Greyneck, you make yourself intensely distasteful to me. There is not a thing that I say from morning till night that you do not contradict.

Mr. Greyneck—I know it, I know it. Little did my dear mother think how much trouble she was preparing for me when she brought me up to tell the truth.

His Part of the Rite.

The blushing bride-elect was rehearsing the ceremony about to take place.

"I shall expect you to give me away, papa," she said

"I'm afraid I have done it already, Caroline," replied the old man, nervously. "I told your Herbert this morning you had a disposition just like your mother's."

Dawn; or, The Brotherhood of Man.

'Tis beautiful to see the dawn
Dispel the clouds of night,
Arraying river, hill and lawn,
In absolute delight;
How sweet to watch her by the rill
Transforming tower and tree,
And oh! how very beautiful
She rises from the sea;
What lovely things without alloy
Are ever round her drawn,
For youth and hope and love, and joy
Go ever with the dawn.

But there's a dawn more grand than aught
That can adorn the earth—
The dawn of an uplifting thought,
The sense of human worth,
The herald of the fair and good,
The ensign of the free,
The dawn of human brotherhood,
The birth of liberty:
No higher messenger can reach
The darkened soul within,
Nor greater gospel can be preach
Than we are all akin.

A wave from out a higher sphere
Doth through the spirit roll,
Which bears us nearer and more near
The Universal Soul.
Through ev'ry feature of the face
That loving soul doth shine,
While blending with a living grace,
So human yet divine,
While all the people heretofore
We hated and despised,
Assemble in our spirits core,
Exalted, humanized.

And we are not divided now
By prejudice's ban,
For there is stamped on ev'ry brow
The broth rhood of man.
The reign of self will yet depart,
For men begin to see
'Tis love unlocks the human heart
And keeps the master-key,
For they have learned from nature's lore,
Despite of blood and birth,
That Virtue's queen at nature's core
And Love is lord of earth.

And every high heroic deed
By whomsoever done,
Of any country, clime or creed,
Uplifts us ev'ry one;
For there are secret ties I ween!
By which we're all united,
And active agents, tho' unseen,
By whom the wrong is righted;
And with an impulse, how intense!
The soul heaves like a sea,
When startled first 'tis with a sense
Of nature's unity.

O thou with heart that's still awhole!
Yet staggered at earth's sin,
Go watch the child's still wondering soul
When first this light bursts in—
The dawn of all this as fair and good
In nature and in art—
The dawn of human brotherhood
Arising in his heart;
O! how his spirit does expand
And broaden out by seeing
The heights magnificently grand
Immerging in his being.

To thine own height thou can'st not rise
While hatefully thou'rt seen,
And in thine inmost soul despise
The meanest thing called man,
Nor longer men will go to war
In cruel needless strife,
When they can feel above earth's jar
The unity of life
Then above selfishness arise,
And country, class and clan,
And hail with open heart and eyes
The Brotherhood of Man.

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

Farmin'.

For Saturday Night.

I'm jest a farmer plain an' rough—a hayseed, p'raps you'd say,
Upon this lot through sun and shade I've worn the years away;
Wal, yes, there's bin a bit uv shade, ez by them years hev run—
Jest what 'ud help me all the more to 'preciate the sun.

This 'ere old house ain't beautiful, it's rather off the plumb,
But nuthin' in the big roun' world—er p'raps the world to come—
Kin make my heart so tender like ez this storm-beaten place;
Er start—I can't jest tell you why—a chasin' down my face
The tears uv joy I try to hide by workin' up a sneeze,
Ez homeward farin', now an' then, among the grand old trees
The gray white walls come into view, thet might to willin' years
Relate the deeds uv sire and son through long unbroken years;
No deeds, uv glory on the field—the only field they knew
Was wher the glory run to stumps—down wher the hemlocks grew.

They might set forth a thing er two uv how them days went by,
An' tell about the hope an' fear, the laughter an' the sigh;
Uv rival lovers an' ther scrap b'hind the old log barn,
Who dyed the littered straw with gore, an' "didn't care a darn"
They sed, they'd shed it all fer Sal down to the last small drap;
But Sallie wusn't won thet way—she wed another chap;
Whi h chap hed watched the fight right through in reg'lar old-time glee,
Because he's fixin up with Sal—fer that sed chap wus me
Uv loggin' bees them walls might tell, uv sugar bilin's too,
Leastways they might tell me uv them—I'm not so sure about you;
They do tell me, but not in words, uv these an' many things
Thet warn me Time is hustlin' by on swiftly movin' wings.

But still I don't live in the past; I'd'ays think, somehow,
Thet when you come to size it up you can't mount beat the Now.

At eventide upon the porch with pip' aglow I sit,
An' watch the birds ez back an' forth in search uv crumbs they flit;
The rustlin' leaves er whisp'rin' low a tale thet speaks uv peace,
The gently noddin' branches bid the daily labor cease;
Toward the east stretch far away the shadders uv the trees,
An' homeward boun' in haste go by some late-returnin bees;
The cattle restin' by the barn er settled for the night;
The dog is do smile at sun fest about some future light;
The perfume uv the new-mown hay comes soothin' to the sense;
The lark chips in a note er two from yonder on the fence;
I look away acoss the hill thet lies toward the sun
A' see the half-cut grain thet tells how harvest hed begun.
The shadders lengthen more an' more, they stretch fur out uv sight,
Until, soon, thet swallered up by darker shades uv night;
An' then the day is at an end an' so, too, is my smoke,
While welcomin' the night's return, the frogs begin to croak;—
I croak myself an old love song thet thrilled me when a lad,
An' mix in with it this refrain: "O farmin' ain't too bad."

W.

Noted People.

Novelist Howells was able to set type with some facility when only seven years old. He was brought up in a printing house.

On Mrs. Mary J. Holmes's novels oyalty returns have been made to the author on one million four hundred thousand copies of her books. Of this figure, seventy thousand copies represented this year's sales.

The letters of Hans Christian Andersen, the celebrated writer of fairy tales, are soon to be published, and are said to be of unusual interest. They will include his correspondence with Charles Dickens and other celebrities.

John Fiske, the historian and college professor, is well versed in languages. When only 18 besides his Greek and Latin, he could read fluently French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian and German, and had made a beginning in Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Anglo-Saxon, Icelandic, Gothic, Hebrew, Chaldee and Sanscrit.

Mlle. Bonheur's love and loving study of animals have given her strange control over them. It is now several years since she gave to the Jardin des Plantes a beautiful lion and lioness, which to this day recognize her if she approaches their cage, and thrust their heads against the bars for the touch of her sympathetic little fingers.

George M. Pullman, the palace car multi-millionaire, made his first money in Chicago by lifting old houses with jack screws. He would take contracts for this sort of work and was not above handling the bars himself. Alexander Lloyd, a friend of Pullman at that time, and also a mechanic, afterwards became mayor of Chicago, but died in destitution.

Mrs. Mary E. Bryan, who draws the largest salary of any woman editor in the United States, has written a comedietta in one act, entitled His Society Play. It is the experience of a New York playwright with the scenes in the top story of a lodging-house. This quaint, nervous little woman is a Georgia product, unusually gifted, with as many whims as a child and a disposition quite as sunny. She is a tremendous worker, writes day and night.

Alexandre Dumas, novelist and dramatist, is a generous and cultivated art collector, his private gallery of modern pictures being considered the finest in Paris—city of galleries. His close-curling hair and heavy mustache have become quite white, and with his flashing black eyes, mobile countenance, eloquent gestures, and stately bearing, make him a conspicuous figure, while the brilliancy of his talk and the warmth of his nature open all doors to him.

The name of the sweet singer of Michigan was Mrs. Julia A. Moore; her poems created a great sensation when they appeared several years ago, and that little bit of a volume is worth its weight in gold now. The edition was not a large one, and stray copies are exceedingly rare. Bibliomaniacs have advertised in vain for it. The fair poetess when she wrote those poems was a widow; she has married again, and is now living in the wilds of the Lake Superior region.

A very simply dressed and quiet young lady, who has been visiting Wiesbaden, Homburg, Wildbad, and Ems, and who was known as Miss Wolf or Miss Welsh to the few people who took the trouble to inquire about so unimportant a person, has just been found out to be the Princess Maud of Wales, and the Mrs. Leo Hunters are chagrined that they did not attempt to capture her retiring elderly chaperon, who was taken for an inconspicuous aunt, but who was really an important lady of the court sent to attend the princess.

The great Von Moltke, at ninety, rises at five o'clock, makes his own cup of coffee over a spirit lamp, and busies himself with garden and farm till ten, when he takes a bowl of soup, or a biscuit, with a glass of wine, for his second breakfast, after which he attends to his correspondence and other business till one. From one to two he lies down. At two he dines sparingly, and works again till friends drop in, with whom he talks or walks until his eight o'clock tea, and at ten he is in bed. He attributes his clear head and good health to his regular and abstemious habits.

A Windsor correspondent of *Modern Society* writes: "Among your many notices of details concerning the Queen's mode of life at Windsor Castle, I have noticed no mention of Her Majesty's sleeping apartment, and the very handsome toilette service which ornaments the dressing table, and is shown to the fortunate few who enter that sacred chamber dedicated to the repose of the Monarch of this realm. It is the identical toilette service in silver which was used by Queen Anne, I believe; and its mirror must have reflected that weak-minded lady's face side by side with the imperious countenance of Duchess Sarah during many a colloquy between the vacillating Queen and her domineering Mistress of the Robes."

"The most curious thing I saw," said Chauncey M. Depew, on his return from Europe in September, "was the change which has occurred in Germany with reference to Bismarck. Three years ago he was the one great figure of all Europe. To-day there are few so poor as to do him reverence." An indication of this alteration of sentiment is the large sale in Germany of a little trick which is intended to belittle the ex chancellor. It is a porcelain saucer, on the inside of which, near the rim, is the question: "Wo ist Bismarck?" "Where is Bismarck?" The apparent answer is that he is nowhere, for the surface of the saucer seems to be perfectly plain. One who is not in the secret turns the toy over and over again, but fails to find the solution of the puzzle. The answer to the question is found by rubbing with a lead-pencil the inside of the saucer until it is entirely black, when the features of the prince appear. When the graphite is wiped off the picture disappears.

The *Critic* announces the result of the vote for its twenty immortelles, those twenty American women deemed "the truest representatives of what is best in cultivated American womanhood." Here is the list, with the number of votes cast for each: Harriet Beecher Stowe, 268; Frances Hodgson Burnett, 241; Mary N. Murfree (Charles Egbert Craddock) 215; Julia Ward Howe, 204; Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, 203; Sarah Orne Jewett, 193; Mary Mapes Dodge, 182; Constance Fenimore Woolson, 149; Edith M. Thomas, 146; Margaret Deland, 142; Adeline D. T. Whitney, 125; Celia Thaxter, 123; Amelia E. Barr, 123; Lucy Larcom, 118; Rose Terry Cooke, 104; Mary Abigail Dodge (Gail Hamilton), 102; Harriet Prescott Spofford, 97; Louise Chandler Moulton, 97; Mary E. Wilkins, 96; Blanche Willis Howard Teufel, 84. The names of the next highest twenty are also given. Mary Hallock Foote heads the list with 78 votes, and Elizabeth B. Stoddard closes it with 31. It appears that Miss Jeannette L. Gilder, one of the editors of the *Critic*, received 43 votes, although her name is not printed in the list. A foot-note says: "She was, of course, out of the competition."

A Rival's Letters.

For Saturday Night.

What, Jack! Not right—not proper
To keep old letters still!
You say a wife's contentment
All former loves should kill.

But, Jack—just this one package,
Of course I'll burn the rest;
But these—don't look so solemn—
I love them! 'Tis confessed!

Whose are they? Ah, don't ask me,
Could that a diff'rence make?
You think I ought to tell you—
A principle's at stake!

How terrible your locks, dear,
Such thunderbolts condensed!
But now I'm quite determined,
I *will* keep these commenced:

"My darling," sometimes "Dearest,"
Don't glare—don't go—come back;
Indeed I mean to tell you
They're from—from—you, dear Jack!

ALMR.

Marriages of Men of Brains.

We wonder whether the men who understand character, and, as the phrase goes, can "choose men by the eye"—and there certainly are people with that power in such a degree as to amount to a gift—make wiser marriages than other folk. Men of genius make foolish selections in quite curious proportion to their numbers, and men of special ability just as often as the units in the multitude. The lady who said of her friends that she had given up attempting to understand why anybody married anybody else, might have said it just as confidently if her friends had included the ablest men out of twenty generations. Everywhere, and at all times, she would have found, among a great majority of sensible selections—due, we fear, in considerable measure to the fact that a great majority of women are good in all senses of the word—cases of utterly inexplicable blundering, cases like Lord Stowell's, who married, in the full ripeness of his unusual wisdom, a termagant who hated him; cases which seem to suggest that no man's choice of a wife is really dictated by his brain-power at all. The lady, too, who said that saying was in no way original. Her judgment is the judgment of all mankind in all grades, or, at all events, to be strictly accurate, of all that rather-limited section of mankind—one hundred millions, perhaps, in twelve hundred—among whom free choice is allowed at all. Experienced readers will bear us out in saying that in no grade did they ever see a circle of any size in which there was not at least one couple whose marriage was pronounced unintelligible, or one in which the perplexity was not occasionally deepened by obvious ability either in wife or husband. "What did he see in her?" or "she in him?" is sure to be one of the many criticisms, and the time to which there is most seldom any reply. Sometimes, of course, it is a stupid criticism, due not to any reality, but to that impenetrable veil which hides us from each other, and which is intended, perhaps, to deepen the individual sense of responsibility; but very often in the cases selected by the critics, it is as true as a criticism on appearance or peculiarities of manner. That is, if you will think of it, something of a puzzle. Why should ability help a man, or that matter a woman, so very little in choosing a companion for life? That genius should not help him is comprehensible, for though some of us know exactly what genius is, we all know that, whatever it be, it is neither a cause nor a consequence of the possession of judgment. A man of genius may be almost a fool in the conduct of life, and constantly is so in pecuniary affairs, or, at least, used to be, for the observant say that the old type of the heaven-born who used to be always in debt is dying out, and that genius and care in the use of money are so often now united that even publishers fail to find them apart and complain of the times in consequence. The world hardly expects a man of genius to marry rightly—though he often does it, as witness the three great English poets of our age—and half-includes a blunder in matrimony among evidences of genius. Of all men who ever lived, Shelley was perhaps the best representative of genius pure and simple, the man who had that in its highest degree, and no other faculty whatever; and those who read of Shelley and his marriage somehow feel that it was in him to make precisely the blunder which, without endorsing any one of the modern libels on Harriet Westbrook, one feels assured that he did make. Observers may experience any emotion at the blunders of genius—indignation, or regret, or scorn, or even a certain pleasure at finding the demi-gods so like men, but they are never surprised. The secret belief which is quite ineradicable, even after one has understood Tennyson and Browning and Matthew Arnold, three of the sanest of mankind, that there is some relation between genius and insanity, prevents all wonder, and is probably the ultimate, though often the unconscious, cause of the otherwise immoral tolerance constantly extended, even by the good, to those "errors of genius" which in other men they would heartily condemn. But why able men should make the same blunder is a constant cause of surprise. The blunder is a constant cause of surprise. The common notion that they are carried away by passion, though true sometimes, must often be untrue, and in any case does not explain why passion, men's field of choice being wide, does not fix itself upon the right person. It is said to be all summed up in the word "attraction;" but allowing its full power to "love," when real love exists, it is odd how seldom the able who choose the one friend out of the world so badly, choose their other friends without some sort of judgment. You will see a woman marry the man of all others least suited to her, and then gather circle of friends round her who excellence does but increase her trouble by rendering it more conscious; and men do the same thing, though it is less perceived. A third explanation—accident—has a little in it, as it has when put forward as an explanation of any unaccountable event; but it has very little, and is never accepted when a man has chosen an impracticable partner, or a swindling solicitor, or an agent who cannot do his work. Besides, why should not accident, if we are to take it as a blind force regulating chances, have gone right instead of wrong? There must be something which clouds the judgment, and the something, we fancy, is always one of two things, either the unreasoning, almost preposterous self-confidence which makes man quite sure that if a woman impresses him pleasantly, he must therefore understand her; and the other is the action of caprice, that mental impulse which is independent of reason, and which in some cases seems to operate more strongly in choosing a companion for life than on any other occasion. Why it should do so is hard to explain; but it does, and we presume the reason to be that on this occasion the will wakes up in unusual strength; that, in fact, caprice—by which we mean fancy independent of thought—would govern able men very often in all affairs, and in marriage, where it is reinforced by will, does govern them. If that is the explanation, we would further say that caprice entered into a great many more marriages than is suspected, and becomes visible only in that moderate proportion in which unsuitableness is so great as to be patent to the whole world. We should ourselves, however, believe that the former cause, overweening self-confidence, was the main one. A man, somehow, who likes a woman, always believes that he knows all about her, resents advice from the outside, and will not even consider circumstantial evidence, patent to all save himself. His amour propre is in arms in defence of his own opinion, and he will not even doubt, sometimes in the face of proof written all over the object of his choice, that she has a good temper. There is an inner vanity in most men, kept down by sense and experience, as to their own judgment on points where the world holds accuracy of judgment to be a mark of intellectual power; and when a wife has to be chosen, it wakes up in irresistible strength. At least, if this is not the explanation, a great many marriages of the experienced, the novelist Fielding's, for example, and Lord Stowell's, and others well-known and famous in the pages of history, must remain forever inexplicable to the human mind.

Not to be Sneezed At.

One American citizen, at least, has found out that a king is not to be sneezed at. The other day Mr. Joseph Jonasson of New York was treated in Berlin for wickedly, feloniously and treasonably avowing a willingness to sneeze at the German Emperor. "I sneeze at your Emperor!" he cried out in a public restaurant to a native who did not appreciate American institutions. He did not attempt to put his hideous project into execution, so he was dismissed with a reprimand and a warning.

And yet sneezing is an operation that has been treated with the greatest respect and veneration from a remote antiquity, that has commanded the profoundest thought and the deepest research of the philosophers of old, and that to-day in many countries, as formerly in all countries, is greeted with a special salute.

Thus the old Greeks cried: "Jove preserve thee!" and the old Romans had a variety of felicitations for the successful sneezer. "*Sic faustum ac felix*," he might be told, or "*Sit salutiferum*," or "*Serves te Deus*," or "*Bene vertat Deus*." In modern Italy he is greeted with "*Felicita*;" in France, with "*Dieu vous benisse*," or "*Bonne sante*;" in Germany, with "*Gesundheit*;" in Ireland, with "Save your honor;" in Scotland and in Sweden, with "Bless you," or "God bless you."

A similar custom existed in Africa, among nations unknown to the Greeks and Romans. A Persian precept is thus recorded in the Zend-Avesta: "And whensoever it be that thou hearest a sneeze given by thy neighbor, thou shalt say unto him, 'Ahunovar,' and 'Ashim Vuhu,' and so shall it be well with thee." Even in the New World the custom seemed to prevail, for when, in 1542, Hernando de Soto met the Mexican Cacique Guachoya, every time the latter sneezed all his followers lifted their arms in the air, with cries of "May the sun guard you!"

An ancient rabbinical tradition asserts that from the time of Adam to Jacob sneezing was the sign of death. But Jacob got to pondering over the subject, and finally went in prayer to the Lord for a repeal of the law, and was so successful in his petition that the phenomenon of sneezing instantly turned a complete somersault, went from Omega heels over head to Alpha, and ceasing to be the sign of death, forthwith became the infallible sign of life.

After Jacob's day, whenever children come into the world they announce their arrival by sneezing.

Hence the salutation first began as a grateful acknowledgment.

It will be remembered that when the son of the Shunamite widow was recalled to life by the voice of Elisha the prophet, "the lad sneezed seven times and opened his eye."

Classic tradition, too, had its explanation of the custom.

When Prometheus stole fire from heaven to animate his clay statue, the first sign of life which the latter betrayed was to bob his head up and down and emit a formidable sneeze. Thereupon Prometheus cried out in delight, "May Jove preserve thee!" Some Eastern nations have an entirely different version, to the effect that one of the judges in the Court of burning pit of fire has a register of men's lives. Every day he turns a page, and those whose names appear are the next to seek his domain. As the leaf is turned they all sneeze, and those hearing it invoke a blessing on their future.

Polydorus Virgilius seeks to find still another origin for the custom.

In the time of Gregory the Great, he says, there was prevalent in Italy an epidemic which carried off its victims by sneezing; whereupon the pontiff ordered prayers to be offered up against it, accompanied by certain signs of the cross.

But, unfortunately for this theory, the salutation antedates Pope Gregory the Great.

Among the Greeks and Romans sneezing was usually looked upon as a most favorable omen.

To Penelope the sneeze of her son Telemachus promised the safe return of Ulysses. To Parthenis, who sneezed in the middle of her letter to Sarpandon, it supplied the place of an answer.

Xenophon tells of a sneeze which may be said to have decided the fate of himself, of his army, and perhaps of Athens itself.

While he was exhorting his soldiers to courage and fortitude, and while their minds were still wavering between resistance and surrender to the enemy a soldier sneezed. The whole army, instantly convinced that the gods had used their comrade's nose as a trumpet to communicate an oracle to them, were seized with a sudden inspiration, and, burning their carriages and tents, prepared to face the perils of the celebrated Retreat.

Plutarch says that Socrates owed his proverbial wisdom to nothing in the world but the sneezes by which his familiar genius sent him particular warnings.

At Rome it was commonly believed that Cupid sneezed whenever a beautiful girl was born (the sneeze being a perpetual cold in the head in America), and the most acceptable compliment a fast fellow of the Tiber could lisp and drawl to his lady-love was "*Sternuit tibi Amor!*"—"Love has sneezed for you."

Even the ferocious Tiberius lost some of his habitual ferocity when the gods favored him with a sneeze. On such times he would drive about the streets of Rome to receive the felicitations of his delighted subjects.

Nevertheless, the augury was not always a favorable one. Instances are not wanted in Greece and in Rome where a sneeze created alarm instead of rejoicing.

As Timotheus was sailing out of the Athenian port, he happened to emit a prolonged and resounding sneeze. The whole fleet heard it. The sailors rose as one man and clamored to return. Luckily, Timotheus was a man of great presence of mind.

"And do you marvel, O Athenians," he cried, "that among ten thousand there is one whose head is most? How ye would bawl were all of us so afflicted!"

Thereupon their confidence returned and they sailed out to victory.

The virtue of sneezing, it seems, depends much upon time and place. Sneezing from morn till noon is of good augury, says Aristotle, but from noon to night the reverse. And yet St. Augustine tells us that if on rising in the morning any of the ancients happened to sneeze while putting on their shoes, they immediately returned to bed in order that they might rise more auspiciously. So, if the Hindoo, while performing his morning ablutions in the Ganges, should sneeze before finishing his prayers, he immediately begins them over again.

There is a Scotch superstition that one sneeze is lucky, and two are unlucky, and in England it is believed that if any one sneeze for three nights in succession, some one will die in the house. According to Lancashire folk-lore you must be very careful upon what day of the week you allow yourself the luxury of sternutation:

Sneeze on a Monday, you sneeze for danger;
Sneeze on a Tuesday, you kiss a stranger;
Sneeze on a Wednesday, you sneeze for a letter;
Sneeze on a Thursday for something better.
Sneeze on a Friday, you'll sneeze for sorrow;
Sneeze on a Saturday, your sweetheart tomorrow;
Sneeze on a Sunday, your safety seek,
The devil will have you the rest of the week!

A most remarkable custom, if we are to credit Helvetius, was that which prevailed at the court of Monomotapa. Whenever His Most Sacred Majesty happened to sneeze, every person present was obliged to imitate the royal example.

And this before the days of nostril-titillating snuff!

Nor was this all. The servants of the royal household were obliged to take up the sneeze and pass it on to the stranger without the gates, and he to all others, until sneeze followed sneeze from the foot of the throne to the uttermost frontiers of the kingdom.—*The Illustrated American.*

A New Fall Suit.

No person in the whole world ought to excite more sympathy than the woman whose mind is exercised about getting a new fall suit. For while she is engaged in planning the said suit, she is in about as great a pickle as mortal woman can be in, and survive, with reason intact.

The fact that she generally lives through it ought to be conclusive proof that our ancestors have erred in considering her the "weaker vessel."

As soon as ever the mind of a woman becomes stirred up upon the subject of a new suit, she neglects her home duties, and leaves the bread pans and skillets to soak; and lets the spaces under the beds and bureaus go without sweeping, because she has to go out and perambulate the streets in order to see how they are making up their fall garments.

She puts on last season's dress—how tired she is of it! and starts out. She follows every fashionably dressed lady a square or two, to observe just how all these trimmings and flutings are put on; and the fashionable lady knows it and enjoys it, and takes particular care to hold up her dress in just such a way that the trimmings cannot be distinctly seen; and then she has huzza herself, figuratively, and congratulates herself on having done it!

The lady in quest of a fall suit stops before every store where ladies' garments are displayed, and looks in the window. You can always recognize her by the way she steps back and to one side, in order to get the best light. And when the window is misty she will flatten her nose on the glass, and never mind that the muddy feet of a little newsboy are resting on her trail, while he attentively studies the taking titles of the new stories exhibited in the window of the newsroom next door.

She counts the number of ruffles and puffs, and mentally calculates how much material it will take to get them up.

Shall she have an overskirt or a polonaise? That is a very grave and momentous question, and demands a great deal of deliberation. No true woman would decide upon that precipitately.

She goes home and thinks it over. She asks Mrs. A. and Mrs. B., and Mrs. C., but these ladies are as undecided as she is; and then she asks Dear Charles—only to receive for an answer that he doesn't care a —— straw what she has! For Dear Charles is reading the newspaper, and learns that silver mining stock is on the decline, and having large interests therein it is no wonder that his mind cannot be brought to consider properly the relative merits of overskirts and polonaises.

His wife privately calls him a brute, but she doesn't speak out to that effect, because he is the good fairy who is to furnish the money for the fall suit, and she must keep on the right side of him until the cash is forthcoming. There is a great deal of diplomacy needed in married life, you know.

Next morning she takes a fresh start, and orders baker's bread and pies for dinner as she goes down town.

When women get upon the business of planning their fall suits, bakers and confectioners are in luck.

Almost everybody she finds has on a new suit! How elegant they are! So new, and so sweet! The newest fashions is always the most charming, no matter how absurd it may be!

Such flouncing and puffing, and such folds! Enough to turn the head of any woman! let alone the woman who is determined on having something a great deal more elegant than anything around her!

It generally takes a week or two to bring her ideas to a focus, and then she goes to her dressmaker, and they have a lengthy conference. The number of yards of cloth required is reckoned up along with the probable cost, and the cost of making and trimming, and Dear Charles comes down manfully with the asked for amount and the shopping takes place.

She has to expend about ten dollars more than she expected to, but that is an inevitable consequence in shopping.

And the suit will be *so* stylish when it is done!

The dressmaker lays herself out upon it, and in consequence about five more yards of material are required. It takes so much to make these French folds and pipings!

At last it comes home, in season for Sunday. Strange that so many of our ladies want their new suits for Sunday! As if piety only flourished best in new suits!

For fifteen minutes after the new suit is donned the owner is happy—by that time bitterness begins to mingle in her cup, for she has started for church, and so has every other woman who owns a new suit, and there are fully a score of "rigs" on the promenade more elegant than hers, and she feels old, and mean, and shabby, and wishes she had edged her folds with lace, and had her buttons two sizes larger!

And she comes home from church disgusted with the rector's platitudes, and out of sorts generally, and finishes off with a headache and a bowl of hot peppermint tea.

All on account of a new fall suit.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

A Stroke of Lightning.

So long as women will be foolish men will be deceptive. One day I sat behind a couple on an Ohio and Mississippi train, and it wasn't ten minutes before I discovered that the girl was a village belle who knew nothing of the world, and that her companion was a traveler who saw in her a victim. Several others noticed them as well, but it was hard to see how anything could be done. He professed great admiration for the girl, and she blushingly queried:

"But how do I know you are not a married man?"

"Oh, but I assure you on my honor that I am not."

"Where do you live?"

"In Louisville."

"And you have neither wife nor children?"

"No."

At that instant the conductor came in with a telegram called out the address. "That's for me," said the man in the seat ahead.

It was handed to him, and he was smiling as he tore it open. Next moment he fell forward in a heap and rolled into the aisle in a dead faint. Half a dozen of us, including the girl, read the despatch. It was dated at Indiana, polis and read: "Your wife and baby burned up with the house last night. Come at once."

It took us a quarter of an hour to bring him to, and it was half an hour later when he left the train. He had forgotten the girl who shared his seat, and she was crouched down and crying like a baby.—*N. Y. Sun*

The Same but Different.

"Has your wife gone shopping?"

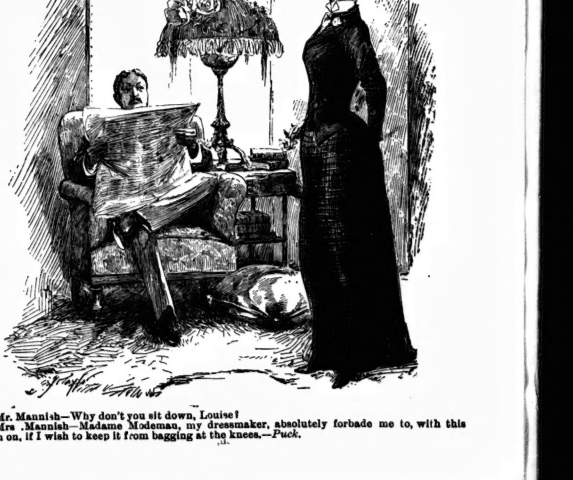
"I'm afraid not. I'm afraid she's gone buying."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Her Order.

"Anything else, mum?" asked the butcher.

"Yes. Two loaves of sweetbreads and a home-made pie," replied Mrs. Honeymoon.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Those Tight Skirts.



Mr. Mannish—Why don't you sit down, Louise?

Mrs. Mannish—Madame Modenau, my dressmaker, absolutely forbade me to, with this gown on, if I wish to keep it from bagging at the knees.—*Puck.*

The Mystery of the Panelled House

A ROMANCE.

By EVERETT GREEN

Author of "My Grave," "Mistress Cicily," Etc.

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CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

Mervyn moved across to the fire, and stood warming his hands at the blaze. Mr. Vansittart sat just where he was without moving a muscle.

Mervyn's face had put on a look of great resolution. He fixed his eyes upon his host, and gradually drew, as it seemed, an answering gaze upon his own face. Then he made a pause or two with his hands across the fixed wide-open eyes, and touched one of the arms, which he found stiff and rigid.

"Well, I have him now," he said to himself. "The question is, shall I make any use of the power? How far are the means justified by the end? I should like to know what he did with that poor creature he married."

"She is in this house."

The words came as if from a long distance off. Mervyn, who had been to all and unconsciously, started at hearing an articulate answer to his thoughts.

"In this house!—passing under a false name! Miss Vansittart——"

"Is my sister. The dead need no names."

"Then your wife is dead?"

"She is dead."

"And in this house?"

"In this room."

Mervyn looked round with a sort of shudder.

"Where?"

"You may find her behind the panelling between the two windows. She is kept there out of the tender love—bestowed on her by her husband. Even her death could not separate them." and the laugh with which the words were accompanied was ghastly.

Mervyn had no special curiosity to pry into horrors, but the idea of the dead woman absolutely kept in the rooms occupied by her husband, who had possibly made away with her, was altogether too terrible for evidence short of the testimony of the senses. Making a few more passes so as to ensure a prolongation of the mesmeric trance, the Viscount crossed the room, and proceeded to examine the fully the woodwork between the two windows.

"Third panel from the ground—search from right-hand window—press the middle beaded knob—then you will have it."

The directions came again as if in answer to the unspoken thought, and in the same low, hollow tone.

Mervyn followed the injunctions; pressed the spring, and immediately the whole of the woodwork slid noiselessly back, revealing to his astonished gaze the upright form of a woman to all appearances living and ready to step out of the narrow recess in which she was banished.

Mervyn started back with an exclamation of horror, which was not lessened when he became convinced that he was face to face with a corpse.

It was, in fact, the body of a woman beautifully embalmed, and it was enclosed in a sort of oblong box or coffin with a glass lid, which box had been put up on end so as to give the body an upright position. The woman was completely clothed in long white garments, and the hair was loose and flowing. The face was not beautiful, though the repose of the last long sleep gave it a nobility of look. The figure was slightly malformed, one shoulder being higher than the other, though the veil of flowing hair almost hid this from view. The eyes were closed, and the lips seemed to smile.

This, then, was the ghastly secret of this lonely house. It was true, that strange rumor which placed the Vansittart estate a prey. Mervyn had discovered something of the man's past life, and of his wealthy marriage, by carefully prosecuted investigation carried on during the past weeks; but he had not yet brought himself to believe that the wretched victim of his greed for gold had actually been done to death by the machinations of this pale, smiling villain, who had had the nerve to embalm his victim's body and conceal it in the very room in which he sat.

And yet it was hardly possible to doubt that such had been the case. The rumors afloat were not without foundation. The miserable woman had been brought to this house to die. Her very existence had been kept a secret; so that no inquiry had been made at her death; and in a sort of defiance of consequences the husband had indulged his extraordinary caprice by turning his victim into a memento of his own skill and cunning. All this was plain to Mervyn's own mind, though at present he was in no condition to prove anything. And this man was Corona's guardian, to whose care innocent lives were entrusted to his keeping, together with the wealth, that would be a bait to a man less steeped in avarice and crime than that of this terrible Vansittart.

Mervyn closed the sliding panel with an irrepressible shudder, and crossed the room again. He fixed his eyes upon the sleeper, and presently the still figure moved somewhat. The Viscount turned away and bent his gaze upon the glowing heart of the fire. It was the most exactly the position he had been in when his host's eyes had first closed in that strange slumber.

"Have I been asleep? I seem to have had a momentary lapse of memory."

"Have you, indeed? It cannot have lasted long. Well, I am afraid you have failed to make out much with the rod and the crystal. Perhaps after this unsuccessful experiment you will cease to continue our investigations?"

"Hum—no—I think not. It is a pity the crystal—but still there is something remarkable in the child seeing anything at all there. If one could tut divine the future—is there no power of doing that?"

"I have not the secret, if there is one. What was revealed to-day—if anything was revealed, that is—referred to the past."

Mr. Vansittart's thin lips seemed nothing but gray lines in his face.

"If I and the child were alone would the crystal reveal its secrets?"

"I doubt it. You have not the magnetic touch to which the rod responds; and the child fears you. She does not do your bidding willingly. At my request she responded at once. Nothing can be done with an unwilling medium. The spirit must be in complete subjection."

"At least leave me the rod and crystal. I may discover some latent charm."

"You may. I have observed a curious thing already with the rod. When I take it in my hand in this room it always seems to point in the direction of that panelled space between the windows. I can feel it shifting in my hand much as a magnet shifts in a compass. It might be curious to investigate and see if possible what was meant by that occult attraction. But I fear I weary you by my experiments. I will leave you to-night, and leave my properties behind. Some other day, perhaps, we may be more successful."

Mr. Vansittart's face was pale to the verge of ghastliness. His hand shook as he placed it within that of his guest.

"I am afraid you are not well," said Mervyn courteously, though he recoiled at the touch of the clumsy hand.

"No, no; it is nothing. I am a little overdone. The heat of the room—nothing else. These subjects always affect me slightly. There is something strange in it all. Good-bye, Lord Mervyn. Another day perhaps we will continue our investigation. I wish I had your power. I would give much for your gifts. Are they born in man, or can they be acquired?"

"I believe it is part natural and part acquired, but the power, the magnetism, or whatever it is, must be silent from the first. Good evening. We will meet again later."

Lord Mervyn crossed the threshold of that house with an irrepressible shudder.

"Then it was not some ghastly legacy bequeathed him. His own hands placed it there!"

CHAPTER XI.

CHURCH DECORATIONS.

Maplewood Church was a fine old edifice; and decorations there were always on a rather extensive scale.

It was rather a popular form of entertainment for the young people of the place, and on Christmas Eve in the afternoon, quite an assembly was gathered assisting in wreathing the pillars, in decking pulpit and font and chancel, and in bedecking every dark corner with brilliant berries and glossy leaves.

Patricia was generally the mistress of the ceremonies. She was the good vicar's right hand on all such occasions, superintending the labors, and keeping her band of helpers to steady work.

This, as may well be guessed, was not always an easy task, but Patricia managed it as well as anyone, and Marjorie Musgrave wished sometimes that her eyes were not quite so sharp, for she had made two abortive efforts to escape from the appointed task in the chancel, and slip into the body of the church, where one skilful pair of hands was doing woman's service, and each time so far she had been recalled with an injunction to finish one piece of work before beginning another.

But human patience has its limits; and when Marjorie saw a dark head pass out through the porch into the twilight of the churchyard, and felt certain that the owner of that head had made a sign to her which she was not slow to interpret, she was to be detained no longer. Patricia would have had Jim come up for orders, and it was nothing to be wondered at that she should slip away out of their close proximity. This time Patricia did not call her back; and next moment she was standing beneath the black shadow of an ancient yew tree, and very close in the embrace of a pair of strong arms.

"Oh, Keith, let me go. I don't like it."

"But I do."

"Let me go. I won't have it, I say," with a petulant little stamp of the foot that was Marjorie all over. "I am angry with you."

"Terrible thought! What is the matter, my little Madge?"

"I am not sure that I am your little Madge," and Marjorie drew herself from Keith's enirling arms.

"You are not, are you? Then allow me to say that I am absolutely sure of it."

"So you say to me."

"And are you anxious that I should say it to any one else?"

"No; but I wonder if you tell Dinah Boyes that she is your very own little Dinah, when you meet her in the wood and walk with her up to her grandmother's cottage!"

Dinah Boyes was the innkeeper's daughter—a very pretty, gypsy-like girl. Of late it had come to Marjorie's ears that Keith had often been seen walking through the wood with her; and as he did not answer her question immediately her face grew pained and mutinous.

"I suppose then that you do!"

"So you do not trust me, Marjorie?"

"I should like an answer to my question."

"You are jealous, little one!"

"I do not know what you call being jealous; but I wonder if you would like it if I went walking in the woods with somebody else."

"Suppose you try!"

"You mean you would not care? Then it is true what everybody says of you—that you never care for anyone, and make love to everyone you meet. I understand now why you like it kept so secret. There will be nothing to compromise you now. Good bye, Keith."

"Is that a final good-bye, Madge?"

"Yes. I shall never speak to you again."

"Ah, because I speak sometimes to Dinah!"

"Because you are not true to me. You think as all men think, that you can do anything you like—that all the world is made for you; that you can amuse yourself as long as you please and then throw everything overboard. I know; I understand; I——"

But Marjorie got no farther in her tirade, for the latest cunning team were about to rise and choke her, when her lover found means of stopping her lips more effectually yet.

"You silly little jealous girl! What do you think you deserve for such conduct? Listen, Marjorie—I have paid many compliments and said many silly things in my day; but I have loved nobody till I met you. You are in my thoughts night and day. I dream of you asleep, and think of you awake. I love you with every fibre of my being. You are my own, my light, my whole world! Is that not enough for you, you little autocrat? What more do you want pray?"

Marjorie no longer resisted the clasp of his arms, though she was as yet only passive.

"Dinah," she faltered, half ashamed.

"Is a very particular friend of mine meeting Dinah sometimes, Marjorie," said Keith gravely; "and if I did talk a little nonsense to her once, I have never done so since I gave my heart into your keeping, sweetheart. Do you believe me?"

"I'll try to do, Keith; but I should like to know——" Marjorie paused half ashamed of her distrust, yet full of genuine curiosity.

"Know what it is all about? Well, you shall. It is for Mervyn's sake I do it, and you know, Marjorie, Mervyn is our friend."

"Yes, yes; but I don't see yet."

"Have you not heard that Mervyn is making himself thoroughly unpopular by a system of reform he is instituting upon the estate?"

"Yes, ——" Marjorie seemed half inclined to say more, but waited to hear him out.

"Well, Dinah Boyes, the innkeeper's daughter, knows more of what goes on than anybody else not in the plot, and she brings information to me from time to time."

"Is that all?"

"That is all."

Marjorie heard a sigh of relief.

"I am so glad, Keith; I am glad I have had it out. It was making me so miserable. I will never be cross with you again."

"And what are you going to give me to make up for past suspicion?"

Marjorie paid her forfeit with praiseworthy promptitude, and took the opportunity when her lips were so near his ear to whisper:

"Keith, do you know, I believe pain is helping to stir up the people in place?"

"Ha!"

"I do not know—I only suspect; but I believe he has a sort of agent whom he employs to try and foment the discontent all he can. I have seen a strange looking man coming in and out to speak to him, and I am almost certain that he is a sort of spy or agitator."

"Have you seen him, Marjorie?" asked Keith, rather eagerly. "What is he like?"

"He is short and stout. I have never seen his face. He wears a sort of moleskin cap, and has a patch over one eye. But I have only caught a glimpse of him now and then. I asked who he was, and they said a relation or something of that kind, but I believe he is just what I said—a sort of tool and spy."

"Well, Marjorie, I'm glad you've told me this; for Dinah has said that latterly a stranger has been about the place, and that since he came the people have grown fiercer, and talk more bitterly. He does not come into the bar, so she does not see him face to face; but she has caught a glimpse of him now and then, and her description tallies with yours."

Marjorie hid her face on her lover's shoulder.

"Oh, Keith, I am so ashamed!"

"Why ashamed, sweetheart?"

"Of my parents—of what they stoop to do. I cannot think how you can bear the sight of me."

"There is no accounting for taste, is there, Marjorie? Well, keep your bright eyes open, little one, and let me know all you find out. We are in circumvent their machinations between us, you know, and heal the family feud."

"If we only could!"

"At least we can try. Everything is possible; and it is the only satisfactory way of bringing us together. You know the old song. 'Love will find out the way'—we must try to show the truth of it in our case."

Meantime in and around the church various little dramas were being enacted. For the first time for many weeks Mervyn and Cedric were enjoying a confidential talk in the old yew walk, that with its reputation for ghosts was always avoided after dark by casual passers by.

Mervyn without revealing to Cedric all his own fears with regard to Corona's position in that ghastly house, was seriously discussing the possibility of a run-away marriage, to be followed up by an appeal at law for the transfer of the guardianship of the younger sister into the hands of some one of less questionable character; and Cedric, who needed no urging to make Corona his own, listened with a child's only longing for the power to see his beloved in peaceful security, that he might seriously reopen the question with her. But she was kept more secluded than ever, and the stolen interviews upon the beach were only as crumbs to a starving man.

Mervyn knew nothing of this last plan of Cedric's. He did not wish to know more of his friend's secrets than was necessary. He was forced to be very cautious just now, and Cedric understood his position too well to attempt needless confidences.

He was anxious, too, about the Viscount; Mervyn began to wear a worn and harassed look. The mutterings of discontent in the air were growing ominous; and at times a misgiving crossed Cedric's mind whether Corona's beauty and charm had not worked havoc in the heart of his friend. This thought always brought with it a spasm of keen pain; for he loves Mervyn as one man seldom loves another; and it seemed a cruel thing to confide all his lover's raptures, hopes, and fears to the generous keeping of one who, were he less noble and true-hearted, might well be playing the part of rival instead of that of trusty and faithful friend.

But this was not a subject he could approach with Mervyn. There are certain limits even to the closest friendship, and on this ground even Cedric might not venture. He did wonder whether possibly a haunting sorrow might not be the cause for Mervyn's changed look, his falling off in flesh and color, and also for the perfect carelessness he showed with regard to the possible perils of his own position.

Cedric had repeated the gypsy's warning delivered on the night of the masked ball; and it had been received with the utmost *sang froid*. Mervyn was much obliged to all the mysterious beings who watched over his fate; but he had set himself a task to do, and he was not going to be turned back until all was accomplished.

"But you can take reasonable care of yourself, at least," urged Cedric. "I wish you would not be out after dark alone."

"I am not very often; and I can't see that it matters. If any one is bent on assault, they can shoot at me over a hedge by day, as easily as lead out my brains with a cudgel by night. On the whole I think I should prefer the former method."

"Do you carry a revolver with you?"

"Oh dear, no! I hate being bothered with such tools."

"I wish you would, then."

"Really, I'm afraid you must excuse me. But if I had it I don't suppose I should ever use it. I've a constitutional dislike to shooting human beings."

Cedric gave a half laugh. There was something in Mervyn's languid drawl that half amused and half annoyed him; but he knew him too well to persist.

"Well, go your own way. Perhaps you know best. I've seen you get through worse scrapes than this unscathed. I'd better confine myself the business as well as violence—or better. I must go back and beat up my party. I hope they have not been getting into any mischief."

"The mischief is hardly likely to be checked by your fraternal eyes. Well, go along in them; we won't appear on the scene together."

Strides and by-thins had been made in the progress of the decorations, which were pretty well completed by now. Patricia and her band of workers were just putting the finishing touches here and there. Cedric was called upon to remove one or two unsightly stocks of holly or evergreen too high up for the girls to reach.

"What a murderous-looking knife, Cedric," said Patricia, laughing, as he hacked off the offending stumps with a weapon something between a knife and a dagger, which seemed to cut like a razor.

He came up smiling, showing the glittering blade and the curiously inlaid handle with a certain amount of pride.

"Picked it up in a bazaar in Cairo. It's the finest tempered steel in the world I believe—cuts anything from a silk scarf to an axe stick. Useful kind of thing to have in one's pocket."

"Do you always carry it?"

"Always—we are insatiable," smiling as the ladies passed round the curiosity from the East. "It's always well to be armed in these wild days; one never knows when one may want a weapon for offence or defence." As he spoke he locked straight at Mervyn, who had as that moment lounged up.

"You are quite right," said a totally unexpected voice, and Cedric started to find Mr. Vansittart at his side. "Ah, yes; that is a very pretty toy—the sort of thing one often picks up in the East. Let me congratulate you ladies on the charming metamorphosis you have worked upon this hoary building. I am glad that my evening constitutional brought me this way, and that the lights tempted me in. I have seldom seen anything prettier. I wish you all a very merry Christmas and a happy New Year." He made a general bow, but his glance seemed to fall most directly upon Cedric, who was looking this way, and that as if in search of Corona.

"The man is ubiquitous," murmured Patricia as the unexpected visitor withdrew as silently as he came. "One used never to see him from year's end to year's end; and now one meets him everywhere. There is something uncanny about it." Patricia wonder how Miss St. Cyr likes being shut up with him in that Panelled House.

"I suppose we very sorry have him for my guardian," said another. "He gives me the cold chills whenever I see him.

"He looks like a man who has committed a secret crime."

"I am convinced his house is haunted."

"I only hope he has not got the gift of the evil eye," said Patricia, trying to laugh away the vague feeling of discomfort his sudden appearance had aroused. "It he has it you must take care, Cadric he regularly overlooked you!"

(To be Continued.)

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A Wise Dog.

Tramp—Hem! Good-mornin' mum. Nice day you have, mum. What dye call him?

Housekeeper—He'll go to you without calling quick as I loose that chain.

Turn About is Fair Play.

"Do you love me, Marie?"

"Yes, Arthur, with every fibre of my being."

"I will be a brother to you."

The New Violin.

The long bars of mellow light streamed into the violin maker's room in Lewiston, and caught the moving bow of the maker as he calmly arose to make the first trial of the new violin.

This is an important epoch in the violin maker's life, did you know it? You have, perhaps, heard the baby talk for the first time and have hung upon his lisping accents! You have breathlessly counted the new overcoat or jacket and have been almost frantic for fear that it would not hang right. You have been over anxious at the fate of the latest pan of biscuit, but none of these experiences compare with the anxiety of the violin maker at the first note of his new violin, for in this hour a voice is born into the world and the question is shall it be sweet or sour, soft or strong, mellow or harsh, brilliant or full of sober beauty?

The little throng that stood around the room when Nathan Taylor essayed to wake the lips of his latest Nicolaus Amati, was silent and subdued. Taylor tuned the fiddle at the piano and then glancing at the audience drew the bow. Once, twice it rose and fell in long subdued notes and then he rippled the bow over the strings and the musical spokes, woman's voice, rather low and dense perhaps, and somewhat imprisoned in the new caverns of its birth, but rythmal plaintive, strong, thrilling and harmonious. "I wonder," said Taylor as he laid the bow upon the strings again, "if that is the same voice that old Nicolaus liked to hear in the woods and the question is shall it be sweet or sour, soft or strong, mellow or harsh, brilliant or full of sober beauty?

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Remenyi's picture is on the wall and Taylor, glancing at it, said, "I'd like to have you draw music out of one of these." Altogether it was a devotional ten minutes before the infant fiddle was laid upon the work bench again.

"The sounding post hasn't been definitely fixed yet in this one," said Taylor, glancing at the interior through one f holes, and with that he inserted a peculiarly shaped steel tool into the violin and pulled out the post in question.

"There," said he, holding up a little piece of spruce about as big around as a lead-pencil and about two inches long "that is what the French people call 'the soul of the violin.' Wonderful indeed it is what strength or weakness it can impart. It is the finishing glory of the work to get the position correct. How can we tell! I don't know except that we come to know and to have faith in every fiddle born of our handiwork and we think we know where to place the sound prop that shall be the soul. It goes into the violin near the F hole on the side opposite the bass. On the bass we have a little sounding board and the length to carry the vibrations and deepen them. The sounding post shortens the vibration of the wood by pressing sharply between back and belly of the fiddle. To put it where it will make a harmonious vibration of wood and string is the art of the maker.

After all, it was decided that the new Amati needed to be reopened and the thickness reduced a hundredth of an inch or so, or, as one of the critics suggested, it needed to be played upon for a time not specified.

This led Mr. Taylor to relate the story of the man in Litchfield who bought a violin lately, and who desired to give it the effect of music playing, for the more a violin tells its story of sound or the sweeter is its music. So he rigged a windmill to carry a crow, and get into the harmony the wind carries the bow that saws away one strain upon the vibrant strings so long as the wind blows. Some day that violin will have the perfect sound. Age and vibration mellow the notes as maturity strengthens the voice of the singer.

"Well," up spoke a critic from the sunny window-seat. "I heard a curious fiddle story the other day. A man in Turner owns a good violin. It got dusty inside, as they will. A sort of fuzz collected about the puffings on the interior and he didn't like the looks of it. He brushed it with feathers, etc., but to no effect. He thought and thought and finally an idea came to him. He caught a dozen bees and turned them into the violin, shaking them up. They buzzed and fuzzed until the dust flew and the violin was clean!. That's the most original thing I ever heard of."—*Lewiston Journal.*

Domestic Economy.

Daughter—Pa, you remember you told me to save all the pieces of string from store packages and wind them into a ball.

Economical Pa—Yes, my dear. Did you?

Daughter—Every bit, and it makes the cutest little ball you ever saw. Now I'm going to knit a handy little bag to put it in. Give me a dollar and fifty cents for zephyr, please.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

A Youthful Critic.

Bertie—Ma, is it proper to say "us" when you mean "me"?

Mother—I don't know, Bertie. Why do you ask?

Bertie—Because the minister always says, "Let us pray," and I notice he always does the whole of it him self.—*N. Y. Mercury.*

The Real Reason.

Mr. Bingo—I suppose it is because such a pretty woman lives in the opposite house that you keep these windows so dirty I can't see through them.

Mrs. Bingo (meekly)—I didn't know that was the reason. I supposed it was because you insisted upon keeping such a pretty servant girl in this house.

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It is a certain and speedy cure for Cold in the Head and Catarrh in all its stages.
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Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their good remarkable success has been shown in curing
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Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured
HEAD
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head
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is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.
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ALL HEADACHE.
They are not advertised to cure everything, but simply headaches. Try them, it will cost but 25 cents for a box and they are harmless.
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Time Had Taught Her.

Miss Eric—I heard something about you that I'm sure is not true, Mr. Glood.
Mr. Ernest Glood—What was it?
Miss Eric—I heard some one say you were an easy-going fellow.—*Puck.*

HIS HEART'S QUEEN.

BY MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON

Author of "Max." "That Dowdy," "Queen Bess," "Sibyl's Influence," "The Forsaken Bride," "Brownie's Triumph," &c.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

VIOLET BECOMES A PRISONER.

"What do you mean, Mr. Mencke, by treating me in this shameful manner?" Violet demanded, indignantly, as she sank, panting, upon the seat opposite, and her eyes blazing her companion as coolly, her eyes blazing her whole attitude expressive of mingled anger and loathing.

The man laughed, a low laugh of amusement and triumph, for he had succeeded in his schemes much more easily than he had anticipated, notwithstanding he had been obliged to wait so long to carry it out, that he was very much elated.

"I mean, my pretty little sister-in-law, that I have long been pining for your charming society, which you have been bestowing of late upon that rich old codger up yonder, and I propose now to have you devote a little of it to me, who am your legal guardian, I repeat.

"I am no longer my guardian; I repudiate you and your authority!" Violet cried, spiritedly.

"According to the will of your father, you do not reach your majority until you are twenty one, and nearly a year will have to elapse before your next birthday," Mr. Mencke calmly returned.

"You were simply appointed the guardian of my property, and not of my person," Violet retorted; "and I demand that you release me instantly. I will not suffer such an indignity—to be carried off forcibly like this. You have squandered all my fortune, so there is nothing now for you to guard, and I am abundantly capable of taking care of myself. Let me out immediately, Wilhelm," and during her promise in her excitement, she turned to the window and began beating upon it to attract attention.

Wilhelm Mencke seized her hands and pushed her rudely back upon her seat.

"Stop that!" he cried, fiercely; "or it will be the worse for you. You promised to be good and quiet, and you must do it, or I'll gag and bind you."

Violet saw that it would be useless to try to escape from his power to be kind, rather than be gagged and bound, she resolved to make the best of her disagreeable situation; at least until the carriage should stop, when she hoped to attract the attention of some policeman or passer by.

"Release my hands, she commanded, authoritatively.

"Will you keep still?"

"Yes."

He released her again, and she shrank away from him with a shudder of repulsion.

"I cannot understand your object in kidnapping me in this inhuman style," she at sumed; "you can claim to have anything to gain now that my money is all gone, while you are liable to get yourself into serious trouble by thus abducting a lady."

"Your latter statement I doubt. Miss Huntington," her companion responded ironically. "I am liable to get into trouble, but I have taken every precaution to avoid any such result, while what I am to gain remains to be seen later.

"If it is money that you want, Wilhelm, I will give you every dollar that I possess if you will take me home," Violet said, appealingly, and troubling with nervous anxiety, for she saw that they were now being driven through streets that were ill-lighted and almost deserted.

"How much do you possess, Violet?" Wilhelm Mencke inquired with some curiosity.

"I do not know exactly, but I have saved nearly the whole of my salary since I have been with Mr. Lawrence."

"How much did he pay you?"

Violet named the sum that she received, and the man laughed aloud in derision.

"Pretty well—pretty well, I must admit, for a little girl who never lifted her hand before to do anything for herself, but now she had all the money that she wanted to spend for the asking," he said, while his handsome face took on a very unpleasant expression, and his eyes had a sarcastically, "your tastes must have changed immensely if you have been content to set along with that sum. But it has no temptation for me, as I hope to realize many times the amount by this trick."

"How?" Violet inquired, in surprise.

"Well, in more ways than one. I have been told that the rich old banker is very fond of you, so probably he will offer a handsome reward for news of you when he discovers that you are missing."

"Shame! shame on you, Wilhelm Mencke! Have you fallen so low as that? Is it possible that you will descend to such an act of meanness to get money?" Violet cried, her voice ringing with scorn.

The man flushed hotly, for her words stung him low as he had fallen.

"A man must live," he muttered, sullenly.

"A man will work for himself," the young girl answered, contemptuously; "but leeches, parasites, or vampires will prey upon others in such a way."

"Your tongue, my pretty sister, has lost none of its sharpness since your decease. Pray, is this the style of conversation that you have indulged in since you entered the heaven of Fern avenue?" Wilhelm Mencke questioned, with a sneer.

Violet made no reply; she saw that it would be useless to contend with him regarding her release, and since she had no fear that he would do her any personal injury, she resolved to appear to submit to the inevitable and watch her opportunity to elude or outwit him.

The carriage now turned into a darker and narrower street, and the driver slackened the speed of his steeds.

Presently he stopped, but as the carriage came to a halt Mr. Mencke leaned forward, and again grasped Violet by the wrists and said, in a low, resolute tone:

"I don't want to hurt you, Violet, but I am going to gag and bind you before we get out, unless you will swear that you will make no sound to attract attention."

She realized that she was powerless in his hands and that it would be wise to yield entire submission to him for the present.

"There is no occasion for me to swear, but I will give you my word, when you know is as good as an oath," she returned, haughtily.

"All right," he answered, and at once let her go, for he knew that he could trust her.

He tapped upon the window of the carriage, and the man without immediately opened the door.

Wilhelm Mencke then got out, after which he assisted Violet to alight, and, without relaxing his hold upon her, led her up the steps of a dark, dreary-looking house which he entered with a latch-key.

He drew his captive into the hall, which was as dark as the entrance of Erebus, and listening a moment to locking the door after them, and Violet's heart sank with a feeling of utter desolation as she heard the carriage in which they had come, drive swiftly down the street.

With Mr. Mencke then struck a match, and the young girl saw that they were in the long, narrow hall of an apparently uninhabited house. A flight of stairs, unscreened and unswept, led to the floor above, and thither her captor now drew her. She followed him without a word, but with a heart that grew heavier at every step.

Reaching the upper hall, Mr. Mencke paused before a door upon the right, and, after lighting another match, threw it open, revealing a comfortably, though rather scantily furnished apartment.

A carpet, or an immense rug, somewhat faded and worn, had been spread upon the floor. A bed, ready for occupancy, stood in one corner, a table in another, while there were two or three chairs scattered about, and there was wood laid in an open grate, ready to light.

Mr. Mencke lighted a couple of candles, which stood on the mantel, after which he applied the match to the shavings in the grate; then turning to Violet, he remarked, with more of kindness in his tone than she had yet heard:

"This isn't much like your old room in the house on Auburn avenue, Violet, but it must answer your purpose for the present."

"For how long, sir?" she ventured, as she faced him, haughtily, "what do you mean by this? How long am I to be kept in this miserable place, and what am I here for—I would like to know my fate."

"You need not be afraid of any harm or illusage, Violet, if you behave reasonably," Mr. Mencke said, in a reassuring tone. "I shall make you as comfortable and treat you as well as I can under the circumstances; you shall have plenty to eat, and all the reading matter you want, to make the time pass, but for the present you will have to stay here, where no one can find you."

"For how long—days, weeks, or months?" she demanded.

"I can't say," he answered, shifting uneasily beneath her searching look, "at least, until I can mature my plans a little more fully. It may be some weeks—it may be months—I hope not, though, for my sake as well as yours."

He could not know the feeling of despair that settled upon the fair girl's heart at this reply.

It seemed terrible to her to have to be shut away from the light and air in that wretched house and narrow street in a strange portion of the city, and to be deprived of her freedom with no hope of being released for long weeks.

But she resolutely concealed her feelings, and bowing quietly to remove her hat and shawl,

"Very well," she said, coldly, "of course, being helpless I am obliged to submit; but if I am to be kept a prisoner against my will of time, I trust you will not force your society upon me any more than is absolutely necessary."

Wilhelm Mencke flushed angrily at her evident aversion.

"You had better keep a civil tongue in your head," he said, sharply, and then turned as if to leave the room.

"Look here, Wilhelm," Violet interposed, a note of anxiety in her tones, in spite of the brave front that she had assumed, "what kind of a place is this? Is the house empty?"

"Yes, the house is empty—at least no one else lives in it, I'm like, and you were building upon the hope of appealing to any one for help, you may as well be undeceived," he answered.

"And I to be left alone?" Violet demanded, a cold chill running through all her nerves at the thought.

"Yes, you are to stay here alone," Mr. Mencke replied, his eye seeming as he noticed her sudden pallor. "I have engaged a woman to stay here to get your meals and to wait upon you, and I shall sleep in the house at night, so you will not lack for protection."

"What do you want of me?—what is your object in all this? I cannot understand it."

"This is my business, but I'll tell you this much—I may want you to gain some papers by and by," Mr. Mencke returned, thinking it best to pave the way a little for future schemes.

"Sign some papers?" she repeated eagerly, her voice growing surprised. "If that is all, I will sign them this minute and—"

"They are not ready yet, and may not be for some time," he interposed; then he added, more as a cautious look swept over his face, "I suppose you don't know anything about Bella's movements—I'd like to find her."

"No, I have no idea where she is, and you told me last summer that you had no wish to find her; what has happened to change your mind?" Violet enquired.

"Hum; a man sometimes says things in moments of anger that he doesn't exactly mean, and I'd give considerable to find Bella just now," he said, thoughtfully, and then added, as if he did not care to be questioned further, "but it is about time you had your supper. I will go and send it up, and he went out locking the door after him.

Violet threw himself into a chair exhausted from excitement and anxiety and tried to think.

Had she followed her inclination she would have indulged in a flood of tears; but this she knew could do her no possible good and would unnerve and excite her still more and she needed to retain herself.

It seemed the strangest thing in the world that Wilhelm Mencke should have abducted her in this way and though he had in instead in her that he hoped to realize money from a possible reward offered for her, yet that did not seem a sufficient object to warrant so bold a crime, for he would incur a great risk in getting the money.

It was all a perplexing enigma to her.

"Well, as far as I can judge," she mused with a heavy sigh, as she removed her glove, "my chief trial will consist in the exercise of patience and in living in this desolate place. I will try to bear it with as good a grace as possible," she added bravely and resolutely, "but meantime I will keep my eyes, ears and wits in the alert and see if I cannot meet strategy with strategy. I wonder what the woman, who is to wait on me, is like. I wish she would bring my supper for I am getting hungry in spite of my uncomfortable situation. I would like to measure her too, to see what I shall have to cope with in my future plans to get out of this place.

"In the first place," she went on, thoughtfully. "I mean to make friends with her—however, I can see that she may prove to be Wilhelm's cause it will be better to have her my friend than my enemy.

This was a wise resolution and proved such during the weary weeks that followed, for it gained the young girl many an attention and duty which she would not otherwise have had.

Presently Violet heard a door slam somewhere in the regions below, then there came the sound of steps upon the stairs, and a moment later the door was thrown open, when a woman of perhaps thirty years entered, bearing a tray, upon which tempting viands arranged a substantial and well-cooked meal.

She carefully relocked the door after her, silently offering at her prisoner, while a curious "good-evening."

She was a large-framed, rather coarse-looking woman, having a ruddy complexion, heavy black hair, and piercing yet not unkindly eyes.

She placed her tray upon the table, which she rolled up to the fire, then setting a chair beside it she said, respectfully:

"Your supper is ready, miss."

"Thank you," Violet returned, graciously, as she arose and went toward the table. "I believe I am very hungry, and"—as she ran her eye over the various viands—"you have brought me a very inviting looking repast. This steak is beautifully cooked, and your rolls look as if an artist had painted them, they are so evenly browned. Did you make them?"

"Yes," the woman briefly replied, while the curious smile again flickered over her face.

"She thinks I am raving her taffy," as the boys say." Violet thought as she caught the smile; but she pretended not to notice it, and simply remarked, as she broke one of the delicious rolls in halves:

"They are as light as a feather."

No reply was vouchsafed to this, and Violet continued to eat her supper in silence for several moments.

At length she asked:

"Are you the woman who is to look after me while I am here?"

"Yes."

That and nothing more, and Violet began to think she would find it a difficult matter to make friends with so taciturn a jailer.

She had looked up at her with a pleasant smile; it was as natural for the young girl to smile as it was to breathe.

"Then I shall have to call you something," she said, "what shall it be?"

"My name is Sarah," was the brief response.

"Well, then, I suppose you want me to call you Sarah, and I presume Mr. Mencke has told you who I am?"

Violet was anxious to learn how much the woman knew about her.

"Yes, you are Miss Draper," Sarah tersely replied.

"Ah, Wilhelm had not given her last name then! Mr. Mencke is cunning in him," she thought.

She nodded assent to the name, however, and then asked:

"Won't you please tell me if you are to remain here night and night, and where you are to sleep? I confess I feel somewhat lonely in this strange place."

"Yes, I am to stay here, and I shall sleep in there," indicating by a gesture a door which appeared to lead into another room.

Violet felt greatly relieved by this information, and she showed it plainly.

"I wonder what I am going to do for a nightrobe," she remarked. "I have none with me, nor any toilet articles, and it will be very inconvenient and uncomfortable to be without them."

"Well, miss, I can let you have a nightgown; 'twon't be a cambric one with lace and tucks and ruffles"—this with a slight sneer—"but it 'll be clean and whole, and I'll tell your brother that you want a comb and brush."

"Thank you. I can get along very nicely, at least for a few days, if I can have those things; ah, but pray, Mr. Mencke to get a tooth-brush also," Violet said, graciously, and then having satisfied her appetite, she took up the glass of water beside her plate, and remarked:

"I would like to keep this glass for my flowers; may I?"

"I don't know any reason why you can't," the woman answered.

"Will you be kind enough to pass me that box?" Violet asked, pointing to a chair where her recent purchase lay.

The woman did as she was requested, and a quick look of delight swept over her face as the young girl opened it and removed the fragrant contents from their wrappers.

"You love flowers," Violet said, as she noted the wistful expression that crept into her eyes.

Her hardened instantly, and she gave vent to a short bitter laugh.

"What business have poor folks to like such things when they can't get what they want to eat?" she demanded, in a harsh, sullen tone.

"It is too bad, isn't it?" Violet said, in a sympathetic voice, "but you shall have some of these if you like," and separating some of the choicest from the others, she laid them upon the tray, and put the remainder in the glass.

Sarah shut her lips tightly together, as if determined to return no acknowledgment for the unusual gift; but her eyes, nevertheless, lingered upon the lovely blossoms as she lifted the tray and passed silently from the room.

(To be Continued.)

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To Correspondents.

(Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Columns" SATURDAY NIGHT Office.)

BEE-HIVE—See Puff.

ALICE—See Ca Da.

MAB 8—Why did you do it?

HONEY.—Self-esteem, order, caution and reserve.

TOTTY.—Delicion, energy, self-will and originality.

POINT WOOSY.—Impulse, impulsiveness, sincerity and mirth.

CA DA—Your writing indicates secrecy, self-esteem, animation, wilfulness and caution.

ROSA NO 1—You are energetic, merry-hearted, affectionate, rather ostentatious and far too careless.

HELOISE—Your photograph will be returned or destroyed as you desire. If you wish it returned send a stamp.

LYDIA, Kingston.—Your writing indicates cordiality, generosity, mirth, thoughtlessness, self-esteem and decisive will.

LADY AGNES SUFFJON—This writing displays a lack of order, some self-assertion, much content and kindness of heart.

ETHEL M.—Unselfishness, candor, capacity for sustained effort and mean brightness of intellect are noticeable in this writing.

DOLLY VARDEN.—Your writing indicates a romantic nature, precision, generosity, daintiness of manner and a decided will.

CORYDON—Your writing shows ambition, impatience, mirth, good practical ability, some perseverance and a lack of self.

DOROTHY.—I'll second the dictionary's motion. Your writing displays lazy laziness, mirthfulness, decision, originality and tenderness.

PUSSY—In this writing I see vivacity, ardor in friendship, self-will, a rather ostentatious nature and a little too much assertiveness.

ANNA B—This writing displays tact, self-reliance, determination, a merry and contented disposition, with fair and good powers of observation.

HOPE—You are not hopeful, on the contrary, rather inclined to be morbidly fearful. You are furthermore original, ostentatious, orderly and careful.

FOLLY MCGINTY.—Folly, you'll soon die! Tom McGinty's are all doomed. Your writing is indicative of generosity, mirthfulness, intellect and talkativeness.

MAIDEN IN BROWN.—Writing shows great good humor, some pride, generosity, fondness for social life, honesty, humor, self-esteem and some perseverance.

LADY NEVILLE CARMEN—This writing indicates frankness, a spirit of good-natured merriment, some fondness for social life and a very mean disposition.

MINA MAY, CORA K AND B. T. L. C.—Your writing reveals wilfulness, in the absence of thought, cordiality, self-esteem, logic, ingenuity, generosity, spasmodic perseverance and some ostentation.

SNOWDROP.—Brush it vigorously and rub a mixture of bay-rum and water into the roots twice a week. Your writing shows ostentation, order, sympathy, directness of off at and some perseverance.

EVA MAY.—This writing shows order, sensitiveness, reserve, good, practical ability and alertness of mind in emergency. The on-hand is that of an impulsive, heedless, affectionate man, courageous, jealous and immovable.

CHARM—My dear little friend your writing does not prove much, for you have merely copied a sentence with punctuations precise from a book. I see in it determination, jealousy, strangeness of manner and generosity.

SEARCHER—You will probably find stenography and type-writing more remunerative and less wearing work than "pedagoguing" as you call it. Your writing shows ambition, some vanity, a decided will and considerable order.

DAISY B.—It is unfortunate, but I destroy the slips were lost. There are little or no use, for the sample is usually small and often only an address. Too enclosed shows reliberation of manner and speech, pride, jealousy and self-esteem.

GARLICK—I do hope this is your right noon *de plume*. Pass as your writing is in not very legible. It indicates ambition, unselfishness, energy, order and vivid fancy. The enclosed is practical, yet tender, and denotes tact, refinement and order.

COLONNA, OTTAWA.—What a bear I must be! I am afraid the lady in question would report me and me if I did as you wish. Write to her. The photograph is rather small, and if you will send a larger one I shall be pleased to read it and the writing sun shine-ously.

GYPSY—If he is a real friend, you may ask him if he will. If there is any reason for his not doing so, he will tell you. Your writing shows alertness of mind and body, curiosity, geniality, frankness, tendency to exaggeration and self-will so strong as to amount to obstinacy.

LAUGHING WATER—I do indeed recollect your former correspondence, and we will be pleased to examine other matter. The photograph shows good reasoning powers, tact, mirth and inquisitiveness, penetration of thought, vivacity, tenderness, indecision and a little selfishness.

MISTRESTWANCE—That's a name to be proud of! It is almost as good as five. The writing shows uncertainty of thought and a lack of that steadiness of character which your question exists. You are doubtless bilious, but unsettled as to aims and belief, a little vain, unsentimentalous and honest.

TEDDY.—Don't try to make me cross with your slinging of small boy's slang, and trying to induce me to believe that you are somebody's little brother. You're a real nice little girl whoever you are, and your writing indicates merriment, cordiality, impetuosity, some eccentricity, indecision and carelessness.

TOTTY.—Sam Sally you are making blunders. You must write to this column with the utmost decorum, for the spirit won't move when his digni y is offended. It is bad enough that you and your column shall wait until you are better By the way I might remark that you do disguise your hand fairly well, and "Billy" knows what he's saying.

LITTLE TYCOON.—Your letter mystified me for a few moments, for you did not say what "came addressed to the Misses——" However, I presume it was an invitation, and I do not think you should stay home, unless it be a small affair. Your writing shows decisiveness, some self-consciousness, a slight tendency and a happy faculty of being contented with things and oblivious of people's undesirable actions.

WAYSI N WEBD, OTTAWA.—How amusing is your guessework! Fine. Certainly I shall be pleased to hear all your speculations. Your photograph shows thoughtfulness, candor, caution, determination, self-reliance, patience and tenderness. The writing shows in addition lack of order. Have destroyed the photograph as requested.

BESSIE.—Unless you mean to give your life to the profession do not spend any time and money studying it. Sleep. The way is hard, and perhaps you would not realize your cutlay as profits. Your writing indicates a slightly melancholy disposition, some vanity, much kindness of heart and a truly cordial and agreeable manner, with sincerity well marked. The best school for you is the Canadian Elocutionist, where it is called Little Mary's Wish.

THE REAPER.—Many thanks for your cheery letter. Indeed, I shall be pleased to hear from you again. No. 1 You are reserved, somewhat fastidious in your tastes, unselfish but proud and rather too stern. You are, doubtless, self-reliant, energetic and kindhearted. No. 2 Animation with candor and honesty are shown in this spe imen. No. 3 Reserve, caution, carelessness and decay in an noticed here. No. 4 Impetuosity, a kind and generous nature, thoughtlessness and self-esteem are displayed in this writing. No. 5 Honor, sincerity, haughtiness and indecision are indicated in this.

APRIL'S LADY.—1 Yes, the frock coat will be in order and the material is fashionable. Some ladies use the same goods in smoothly finished material. 2. Best man and ushers wear the same. 3. The groom's elder brother, brother-in law or uncle will escort the bride's mother to the wedding breakfast. 4. The bride and groom, the bridesmaid and groomsmen and relatives follo ing is the usual order for leaving the church. 5 Double carriages of course. The lady's photograph shows earnestness, a good deal of obstinacy, considerable force of character, generosity and kindliness of heart. The man's photograph indicates determination, coldness of manner, sensitiveness, energy, ability to carry out plans and some suspicion. I am returning the portrait.

What is Man?—A Woman's Opinion.

I had a letter the other day, evidently from a woman, and she said: "Would you mind answering the question, 'What is a man?' A more or less intimate acquaintance with mankind makes me feel that I can reply to this question.

A man is an animal who would scorn divided skirts and yet spends two hours selecting the kind of cloth he wants for his trousers.

A man is an animal who can be flattered and coaxed into anything, but once you start to drive him the opposite nature is uppermost.

A man animal who thinks he is a little tin god and never realizes that he is an flat on his belly with the whole man has to wait on him.

A man animal who is desirable when young, because the brute in being fetches a man's girl off the shoulder than you can.

A animal who eats the very best who prefers to drink the same frequently becomes a tank for old whisky.

A man is an animal made for the benefit of woman and the more she can get out of him in the way of kindness and love the more has he fulfilled his duty in life, but with all his faults we love him still.

His Little Game.

Five large porous plasters covered the breast and back of a delicate looking passenger on the City of Paris, on her recent voyage to New York. His clothing was closely examined by custom house officers, but no contraband goods were found upon him. On arriving at his home, in West 97th street, he immediately took a warm bath, and he peeled off the plasters he disclosed thirty-two diamonds of unusual brilliance, worth about $9,500 He makes frequent trips abroad, and his health and his finances are improving by these voyages.

Only a Small Fish.

Mr. Youngbusband—Yes, I'm caught at last.

Mr. Bachelor (in surprise)—And she didn't throw you back!

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Reserved seats plans and tickets at Gourlay, Winter & Leeming's, 188 Yonge Street (Mason's old stand). Popular prices.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that a special meeting of the Shareholders of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, of Toronto, will be held at the office of the Company, No. 33 Front Street East, Toronto, on TUESDAY, THE SECOND DAY OF DECEMBER, 1890, at 3 o'clock p.m. for the purpose of taking time and confirming such business and contracts as may come before the meeting.

Toronto, Nov. 13 1890. R. C. WARREN, Sec.

DANCING

The Jersey, Ripple, Brinco and WALTZ MINUET

All popular round dances had their origin with Prof. Jno. F. Davis, who has taught dancing in Toronto 32 years. He teaches no trashy dances, such as the "Arsons Polka." There hundred and thirty people have registered since Sept 1. Go there and do likewise, and be safe from imposition. Classes for old and young. Academy, bright and new, 102 Wilton Avenue. PROF. JNO. F. DAVIS.

GRAND OPENING

NEW TORONTO AUDITORIUM

Thursday Evening, Nov. 27

Major J. B. Pond has the honor to announce the only appearance in this city of

HENRY M.

STANLEY

SUBJECT:

The Rescue of Emin, The Forests, Pigmies and March Across Africa

Prices - - $1, $2, $3 and $4

ACCORDING TO LOCATION.

Plan will open at Nordheimers' November 24. Orders for reserved seats from parties outside the city will receive prompt attention. Address by letter or telegram to Messrs. Nordheimer.

World Renowned Balmoral Choir

BEFORE VISIT

TWO GRAND CONCERTS

ASSOCIATION HALL

Monday, November 24—Scotch Night

Tuesday, November 25—Miscellaneous

Reserved seats, 50c. and 75c., at Nordheimers'. Plan open 17th inst.

ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY

The 54th Anniversary will be celebrated by a

BALL

At the Horticultural Gardens Pavilion, on the evening of

Tuesday, December 2, 1890

Cards of Admission—Gentlemen, $4; Ladies, $2

To be had from the Committee.

GENERAL COMMITTEE:

Dr. J. Thorburn, First Vice-Chairman; Dr. Daniel Clark, President; Hon. Sir Alexander Campbell, K.C.M.G., Hon. Sir Adam Wilson, Kt., Hon. Sir Oliver Mowat, K.C.M.G., Hon. G. W. Allen, Hon. O. Mowat, Q.C., Rev. James Alexander, A. G. Allen, Hugh Blain, Dr. Andrew Fraser, A. B. Cameron, Allan Cameron, G. R. R. Cockburn, P. A. M. Conby, Dr. Alex. Davidson, C. Dickson, Dr. Bryan, A. T. Fulton, J. C. Gilmour, Capt. W. F. Gray, J. D. Gray, F. M. Gray, J. W. Gray, J. D. Hendrie, Chris. M. Henderson, A. McL. Howard, W. B. Jennings, G. S. Michie, Forbes Michie, G. Bruce Macdonald, Alan Macdonald, T. McGillivray, Duncan McIntosh, Mervyn Mackenzie, S. F. McKinnon, Dr. McMurrich, Alex. Nairn, Charles Reid, James Scott, R. Simpson, D. A. Smith, A. J. Somerville, David Walker, D. R. Wilkie.

GEORGE KENNEDY, Secretary.

A POINTER ABOUT FURS

FROM

Hammond the Furrier

Notwithstanding the prices of Seal Skins have been largely advanced I will continue to sell my entire stock of manufactured articles at the same low prices quoted last week for a short time longer. $20 to $60 can be saved on the price of Seal Shoulder Capes and Jackets. $75 on the price of Sealskin Sacques by buying at once. These goods were manufactured from Seals secured before the great advance, and are offered from $20 to $125 less than can be manufactured from Seal Skins now arriving from London.

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AT THE BON MARCHE

WE HAVE JUST COMPLETED AND PLACED INTO STOCK

A large purchase of Real Honiton–Maltese–Irish Point–Valenciennes–Linen Torchon–Point Aplique–Lisse and Spanish Laces. Also Real Honiton and Maltese Lace Handkerchiefs–Lace Collars–Black Silk Lace Flouncings–Black Spanish Lace Scarfs–Black and Evening Shades of Fish Nets, and other Laces, Crepes, Areophanes, &c., &c.

NOTE---The above are the entire importation of a large wholesale house, bought by us at 50c. on the dollar, and will be sold at tremendous bargain prices in order to secure a speedy clearance.

We have only 50 left of those beautiful Real Eiderdown Comforters, to be sold at a tremedous bargain

Also bargains for this week in CORSETS, GLOVES, HOSIERY, LAMBS' WOOL AND WHITE COTTON UNDERWEAR.

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A CHAMBER in soft torquoise or robin's egg blue, pinky salmon and creamy tones. The ceiling in delicate flower tracery. A pretty blending of all the tones in the cornice and frieze. The wall in a watered silk paper. Woodwork quiet, grayish blue and salmon, not necessarily expensive, but very taking. Allow us to show you how it may be done in your chambers.

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Scribner's Magazine

For the coming year will be noteworthy for a number of special features which the Publishers believe are of very unusual interest, and among them the following may be mentioned:

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

contributes to the December number the first of a series of four Articles upon Japan, its people, its ways, and its thoughts. Mr. Robert Blum, who was commissioned to go to Japan for Scribner's Magazine, has prepared a very remarkable series of drawings to illustrate Sir Edwin's papers. Articles upon the recent Japanese Festival will follow, illustrated by Mr. Blum.

HENRY M. STANLEY

has prepared for the January number an important article upon "The Pigmies of the Great African Forest." Another contribution in this field will be Mr. J. Scott Keltie's account of the recent African Exhibition held in London. Both papers will be amply illustrated.

THE WRECKER

a Serial Novel by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne, will run through a large part of the year. Illustrated by Hole. A two-part story by Frank R. Stockton will also appear.

PROF. JAMES BRYCE, M.P.

author of "The American Commonwealth," will write a series of Four Articles upon India, embodying the results of his recent journey and studies on this land of never-ending interest.

OCEAN STEAMSHIPS

will be the subject of an important series somewhat upon the lines of the successful Railroad Articles. "Passenger Travel," "The Life of Officers and Men," "Speed and Safety Devices," and "Management," are some of the subjects touched upon and illustrated.

GREAT STREETS OF THE WORLD

is the title of a novel collection of articles on which the author and artist will collaborate to give the characteristics of famous thoroughfares. The first, on Broadway, will be written by Richard Harding Davis, and illustrated by Arthur B. Frost. Others will follow on Piccadilly, London; Boulevard, Paris; The Corso, Rome.

The price of Scribner's Magazine admits of adding a subscription to one's other reading at very small cost. Orders should be sent at once.

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The Model Clothing Store

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I have just received a full assortment of all the latest novelties in Suitings, Trouserings, Overcoatings, etc., purchased from the best markets for the Fall trade. Gentlemen requiring a first-class, perfect-fitting Suit or Overcoat, should not fail to call on

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IN OVERCOATS we offer the best in Style, in Workmanship and Fit that can be had in the city, and at prices that cannot be equalled by any other house. If we should not have one in stock to suit you, remember we make to order and in all cases guarantee a fit or no sale. Come and see our Heavy Weight Overcoats, Wind and Waterproof, Impossible for any kind of weather to penetrate them.

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Elegant Plush Mantles

OUR SPECIALTY is Plush Cloaks and Jackets. We show a choice collection of Silk Plush Jackets this season, made up in the newest shapes with quilted satin lining from $17. In three-quarter-length Plush Jackets, made up in combination with Astrachan and Persian Lamb Sleeves and Collars, our assortment is large and attractive. Our Plush Dolmans from $20 are not to be surpassed either for style or price. Elegantly Braided and Appliqué Plush Dolmans for matronly ladies are really handsome. Special attention is given to the **MANUFACTURE OF PLUSH AND SEALETTE GARMENTS** of every description, employing only efficient German tailors on this work. Perfect fit guaranteed.

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Send in your orders for the Christmas Number of SATURDAY NIGHT, the finest holiday souvenir ever issued in Canada. Ready on December 1. For sale by all the newsdealers or sent postage paid by the publishers, price 50 cents.

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GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Court House, Adelaide Street
and 146 Carlton Street

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

LOUDON—At Toronto, on November 3, Mrs. W. J. Loudon—a daughter.
PERRY—At Toronto, on November 17, Mrs. George D. Perry—a son.
BELCHER—At Toronto, on November 13, Mrs. J. T. Belcher—a son.
DUFF—At Toronto, on November 17, Mrs. Thomas A. Duff—a son.
GOULDING—At Newton Brook, on November 10, Mrs. ea R. Goulding—a daughter.
HARGRAFT—At Cobourg, on November 17, Mrs. John Hargraft—a daughter.
KENT—At Toronto, on November 15, Mrs. John G. Kent—a daughter.
LAING—At Toronto, on November 5, Mrs. James Laing—a son.
MANLEY—At Toronto, on November 17, Mrs. Manley—a daughter.

Marriages.

WATSON—DEAN—At Port Hope, on November 18, Thomas George Watson to Harriet Mary Dean.
ESSKINE—GRAHAM—At Atwood, on November 18, William R. Erskine to Ella Graham.
SUTHERLAND—BURNETT—At Toronto, on November 19, Robert C. Sutherland to Catherine Burnett.
HOWARTH—TORSTON—At Toronto on November 13, James Herbert Howarth to Lizzie Muriel Torston.
JAFFE—RISS—At Toronto, on November 18, Rev. T. J. Joffe of Bermondsey to Vira A. Riss.
FERGUSON—CRUICKSHANK—At Heathcote, on October 12, David George Ferguson of Collingwood to Eliza Cruickshank.
GOURLAY—McGILL—At Toronto, on November 13, Adam Gourlay to Lottie McGill.

Deaths.

ROY—At New York, on November 13, Melville Ward Roy.
JACOBS—At Toronto, on November 19, James W. Jacobs, age 50 years.
LEYS—At Toronto, on November 18, Mrs. John Leys.
ROTHWELL—At Toronto, on November 14, Mrs. Elizabeth Rothwell, aged 94 years.
BLACKBURN—At Hot Springs, Arkansas, on November 11, Joseph Blackburn, aged 67 years.
DUNLOP—At Newmarket, on November 15, Mrs. Annie Dunlop.
LIKEN—At Toronto, on November 16, Mrs. Sarah Liken, aged 74 years.
McARTHUR—At Toronto, on November 14, John McArthur, age d 57 years.
STEPHENS—At Toronto, on November 16, Euphemia Josephine Stephens, aged 7½ years.
SHEPHERD—At Poston Mills, on November 14, Minnie M. Shepherd, aged 32 years.
CAMERON—At Toronto, on November 17, Nina Beatrice Cameron, aged 10 years.
STEWART—At Toronto, Richard Henry Stewart, aged 3 years.
MACINNES—At Nottingham, England, on November 15, Donald MacInnes.
OUGH—At Toronto, Gladee Ough, aged 2 years.
NICOL—At Toronto, Mrs. Margaret Nicol, aged 81 years.
SIMPSON—At Winnipeg, on November 6, Helen Moreland Simpson, aged 3 years.
JARVIS—At Toronto, on November 17, Mrs. Mary Jarvis, aged 58 years.
McKIMMON—At Lochiavar, Ontario, on November 5, Peter McKimmon.

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Surpasses any other dancing academy in Dominion for size and elegance. Our rapid growth in Toronto is a good proof that *Prof. P. Thomas is the Teacher!* For we have accomplished in the three years a better result in this period than another teacher of a quarter of a century's teaching, because we are proficient, and teach "quality" and not quantity. We now hold the proud position of teaching than ing and Calisthenics in five of the leading "Ladies Seminaries" in Toronto. Classes continually forming. Our assemblies commence next month "Marciano's Orchestra in attendance."

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Great Sale of Imported

MANTLES

During the coming week our Mantle Department will display and offer some extraordinary bargains in Ladies and Children's Winter Coats, Dolmans, Ulsters Russian Circulars, &c.

INSPECTION INVITED

100 Ladies' Short Coats in Navy and Black Chevoit Cloths, clearing at $1.65 each, worth $2.50.

Ladies' Stockinette or Heavy Jersey Cloth Coats, at $1.75, $2, $2.50, $3, $3.50; with vest fronts, braided, $3.85, $4, $4.25.

Black and Navy Chevoit Cloth with Astracan Sleeves, or Diagonal Cloth with Plush Sleeves, Beaver Cloth with plain or braided vest fronts, at from $7.50 to $16.50.

Seal Plush Short Coats, at $6, $7.50, $8.50, $10, $12.

Ladies' Tweed Ulsters in a variety of styles and colorings, at $4, $4.50, $5, $6, $6.50, $7.50, $8, $10.

B ver Cloth Ulsters, with Capes and Double Sleeves at $11.50, $12, $13.50 $15.

Elegant Plush Wraps, Dolmans and Circulars, richly trimmed and lined with silk and fur, at from $25 to $40.

Children's and Misses Winter Coats in Tweeds, Beaver Cloths, Leather Cloths, &c., plain or braided and with or without capes, at from $3.75 to $8.

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All-wool Henriettas, worth 65c., selling at 40c.
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